

The Sketch

No. 694.—Vol. LIV.

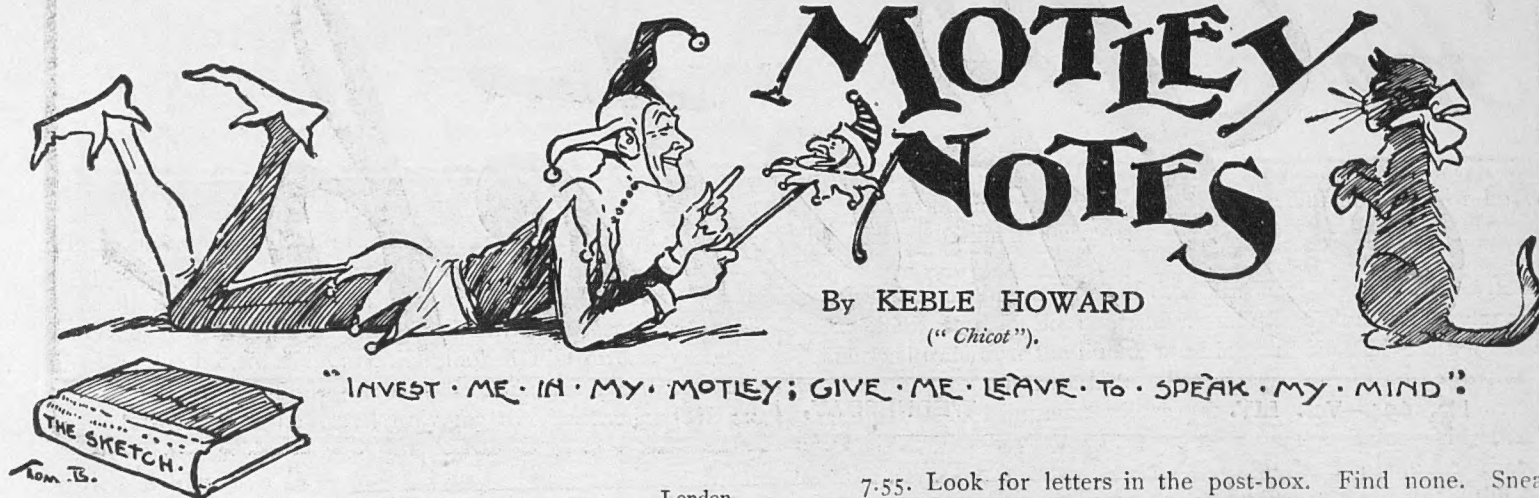
WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



MISS JENNIE BATEMAN STARTING FOR A DRIVE ON HER 10-H.P. MOTOR-CAR—A.D. 1860.

Our Photograph of Miss Jennie Bateman, a popular young actress of to-day, is by the Dover Street Studios; the Setting is by a "Sketch" Artist. The motor-car of 1860 is drawn from a sketch in "The Illustrated London News" of that year.



THE latest amusement among those of a sympathetic, speculative, and observational habit is to inquire into the private lives of private individuals. The lives of public individuals, it is granted, are no longer private. Even Miss Marie Corelli, her hatred of publicity notwithstanding, has attained postcard eminence. But the private individual is still, to some extent, a riddle. Unless you are an extremely close observer of things and people, you will find it almost impossible to tell, at a glance, the incomes, professions, places of residence, ways of thought, and so forth of those with whom you are riding in an omnibus or a railway carriage. Opposite you, for example, sits a short, stoutish man in a black tail-coat, black leather boots, grey trousers, a top-hat, a collar turned down at the corners, and a grey-blue tie. He is about forty-five years of age, seems satisfied with life, and is reading a leading article in a daily newspaper. In the rack above his head he has placed, in such a way that they cannot possibly fall out and bump anybody, a small handbag, a brown-paper parcel, and an umbrella. He has smoked a pipe, tapped the ashes out against the heel of his boot, blown through the mouthpiece to make sure that the stem is clear, and placed the pipe carefully in his inside pocket. The game consists in saying whether that man is married or single, how he earns his living, where he has come from, where he is going to, what he had for breakfast, his name, his age, his weight, and the rest. The player who "sets" the individual must write these details on a piece of paper, and the one scoring the highest number of points of course takes the prize. I am afraid that I cannot state the rules of the game more clearly, because, to be perfectly candid, I have only just invented it. None the less, I think it would make an excellent game. Let me offer you the idea as a little present, friend the reader.

I had intended, when I was led away from my subject by the desire to make you richer and happier, to say something on the subject of the "Diaries of Typical London Life" that are appearing in a certain daily paper with an inordinate circulation. They are exceedingly interesting, these diaries, but, to my mind, they are far from being exhaustive. I read, for example, that the middle-class girl, between two-thirty and four, "looks after dresses and clothes; music or tennis." That is all very well, but so vague! It leaves me no wiser than I was before. I am told, again, that the "average girl" places her afternoon "at mother's disposal for paying calls or other social duties—usually driving." Calling on whom? Driving whither? Still, it is idle to find fault unless one can improve on the original. I will endeavour, therefore, "with your kind permission and attention," to set forth in detail a typical day's diary.

Suppose we take a day in the life of an assistant master at a private boarding-school. This is the way it would go—

- 6.30. Called.
- 6.35. Called again.
- 6.40. Roll out of bed into bath.
- 7.5. Stalk through dormitories, storming at little sluggards.
- 7.20. Stand over Bunting minor while he cleans his teeth.
- 7.25. Help Harding minimus to tie his tie and Everett to collar his collar.
- 7.30. Lock door of school-room and read call-over.
- 7.35. Get disliked by taking names of defaulters.
- 7.45. Explain to Bunting minor the difference between a gulf and a strait.
- 7.48. Try to explain to Jackson why the genitive singular of the fourth declension differs from the genitive singular of the second.
- 7.49. Pretend not to notice that the scholarship boys are grinning.

7.55. Look for letters in the post-box. Find none. Sneak the Head's *Morning Post*.

8.0. March the young beasts into breakfast.

8.2. Nod pleasantly to Head, Head's wife, Head's daughter, the governess, and the matron.

8.7. Asked whether will take bacon or sardines. Want both. Say sardines.

8.45. Serve out pens, pencils, and other goods on which Head makes a handsome profit.

8.55. Get the young beasts in for morning prayers.

9.15. Take Third Form Latin Grammar. Lose temper five times. Cuff Jackson. Jackson threatens to write home.

9.20. Head enters. Asks why Jackson is crying. Explain briefly. Head pats Jackson on shoulder.

10.0. Take Fourth Form French. Irregular verbs. Rotten. Lose temper eleven times. Keep hands in pockets.

10.45. Break. Head suggests short game of "Prisoner's Base." Organise game. Fall over young Jackson. Jackson led into house, weeping.

11.0. Take Third Form arithmetic. Jackson openly insubordinate. Send him to Coventry. Jackson jubilant.

12.0. Superintend net-practice. Get fearful whack on the shin from young Jackson. Pretend not to feel it.

1.0. Dinner. Curry and roast beef. Know that curry. Take beef.

1.15. Jackson upsets glass of water. Order him from the room. Head interferes. Says boy must have dinner. Shrug shoulders.

1.40. Lecture from Head on keeping order by moral force. Shin smarting horribly. Lose temper. Probably lose post. All the better.

2.0. Cricket again. "Friendly game." Young Jackson gets me on the inside of knee.

2.45-3.40. Field out while Jackson knocks up 38.

4.0. School. Take Third Form English Composition. Jackson makes noise like cat. Try moral force.

4.20. Jackson makes noise like two cats. Tell him to stand on form.

4.22. Head enters. Looks reproachful. Goes out.

4.40. Jackson pretends to fall off form by accident. Roars of laughter.

5.0. Tea. Lukewarm tea and thick bread-and-butter. Think of home and mother.

5.30. More net practice. Decide not to play. Remain to "keep order." Fail.

6.30. Preparation. Explain to Bunting minor how animals got into the Ark. Explain to Everett difference between "table-land" and "table-water."

7.15. Ask who is making noise like a rabbit. Jackson says rabbits don't make any noise. Roars of laughter. Cannot think of retort.

8.0. Superintend boys' supper. Very tired.

8.30. See the little beasts into bed. Jackson sets a booby-trap. Pretend to be amused. Secretly decide to enlist.

9.0. Supper with Head and the rest. Bread stale. Beer flat. Same old beef.

9.10. Head makes a joke. Loathe the fool. Join in general laugh.

9.15. Head starts discussion on discipline by moral force. Instances Jackson.

9.16. Head's daughter says Jackson dear little fellow.

9.17. Head's wife says Jackson sweet child.

9.18. Matron says Jackson perfect little gentleman.

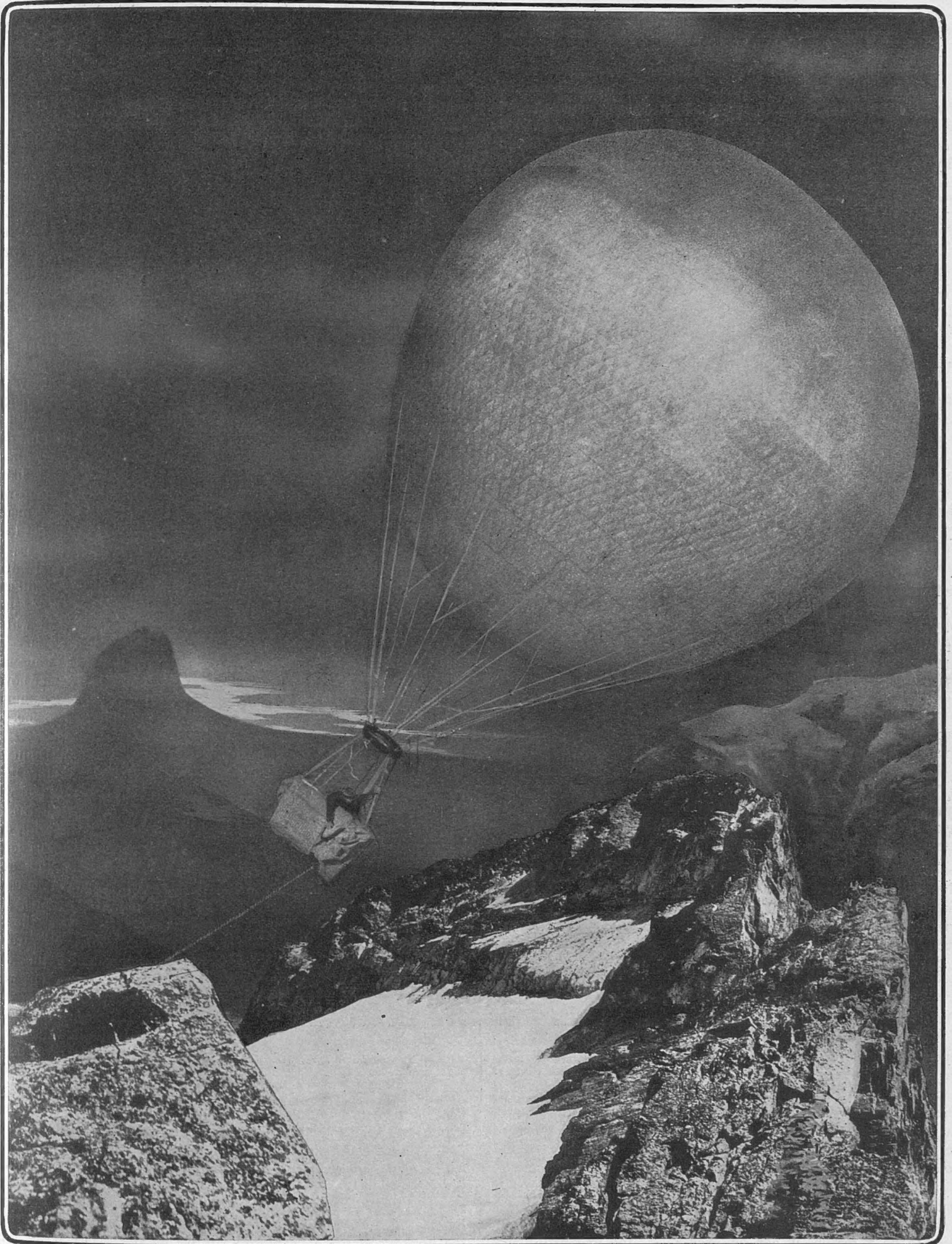
9.19. Governess says Jackson most objectionable boy in the school. Love governess. Decide to marry her and live in California.

9.22. Catch Governess's eye. I blush. She blushes. We blush. Joy!

10.30. Smoke pipe at bed-room window.

10.50. Bed. Dream that Jackson, with consent of Head, is killing Governess. (Flat beer.)

BREAKFAST IN LONDON; DINNER IN THE PYRENEES?



A SUGGESTION FOR FUTURE CHURCH PARADES: BALLOONING AS A WEEK-END PASTIME FOR SOCIETY.

Ballooning is getting so popular with Society that one of these days we may hear of fashionable aeronauts breakfasting in London and dining, if not in the Pyrenees, at least in some place far distant from their starting-point. What less can one expect in these days of week-end ballooning parties, night ascents, and air-ship races?

THE CLUBMAN.

Bambaata's White Man—Instances of "Going Fanti"—John Dunn—Cetewayo's Second White Man.

I READ of a white man being with Bambaata, and the tale of a Belgian turning Zulu is, on the face of it, quite probable, for the European amongst copper-coloured people often "goes Fanti" on very small provocation, and becomes more Ethiopian than the Ethiop. Once, in the kraal of a petty South African potentate I found living in a native hut, a shelter which looked like an exaggerated bee-hive, a most cultured, most pleasant Englishman. He was a man of very good family, but he cared only for the lazy, animal life an African native leads. He had married a daughter of the head-man of the kraal, and he wished to forget that he had ever worn a tall silk hat, and had ever been asked to three dances a night during the London season.

He asked me to dine with him, for the old sentiment of hospitality struggled against the shyness he felt in meeting a man who knew of the people he used to know, and who wanted to talk of Piccadilly and Pall Mall. A sheep had been killed by the head-man in order that I might be feasted with all honour, and the white man and myself ate very tough cutlets on tin plates, and dough-cakes which the brown lady of the hut baked outside the house over the usual South African fire. We squatted, a party of three, on the grass-mats, and drank Kaffir beer out of wooden cups, and when he was warmed with the fermenting liquor his tongue was loosened, and he descanted so eloquently on the delights of a savage life that for the moment I felt inclined to "go Fanti" also, and worship Mumbo Jumbo in the moon.

Once, in Japan, I saw over the bamboo trellis of an enclosure near Yokohama the face of a man who had been an officer in the Guards and had disappeared. He had found the life of Japan so entrancing that he had flung away identity, position, name, to enjoy the lotus life of the East. The black hair of the demoiselle who called to him to come into the house was decorated with an aureole of jewelled hair-pins, and "Little Purple," or "Magnificent Stork," or "Sound of the Waves," or whoever she may have been, was fair enough of complexion and handsome enough to be a reason, if not an excuse, for the ex-Guardsman's disappearance from the world that had known him.

The most interesting white man who had taken to wife dusky beauties I ever met was John Dunn, "Cetewayo's white man," the hunter who had helped to put the King of the Zulus upon the mat in the great hut of the royal kraal, who became a

chief in Zululand and married daughters of the most powerful of the indunas in order to consolidate his position. The tale was told that Cetewayo, in the days before the Zulu War, once asked him suddenly what he would do if the Zulus fought against the white men. Dunn at once replied that he would go to the side of his own people, and Cetewayo grimly told him that if he had given any other answer he would have stabbed him, for he would have known him to be a liar.

Just before the outbreak of the Zulu War John Dunn was travelling near the border in Zulu territory, and the Colonial Secretary of the Transvaal rode over the line to see him, and allowed another subaltern and myself to go with him. I was very anxious to see the great hunter, the fighting-man whose presence at a battle was better, so

the Zulus said, than the best regiment that ever mustered at the head kraal. We found his tents pitched by some water-holes, and I was impressed by the fact that, instead of tent-pegs, old bayonets were used to fasten the lines. I found him to be, as all the really great men of this world always are, very simple, very quiet, a rather grave man, with the grey coming into his dark, carefully clipped beard. He was dressed like a nobleman in comparison with the three scarecrows who had ridden out to see him, and he gave us, who for months had drunk nothing but indifferent water with a little "square-face" in it, cold whisky-and-soda. His eyes twinkled with amusement when he saw what a novelty it was to my brother subaltern and to me.

What John Dunn and his official visitor talked about in the big tent while we two subalterns sat outside on the veldt, quite aware that curious female eyes were looking at us through rents in the canvas of the other tents, I do not know, but the day came when Cetewayo definitely defied the white men to do their worst, and, true to his word, John Dunn, with his cattle and his followers, moved over to his own people. Then, after the bad days of the war, the stagger-

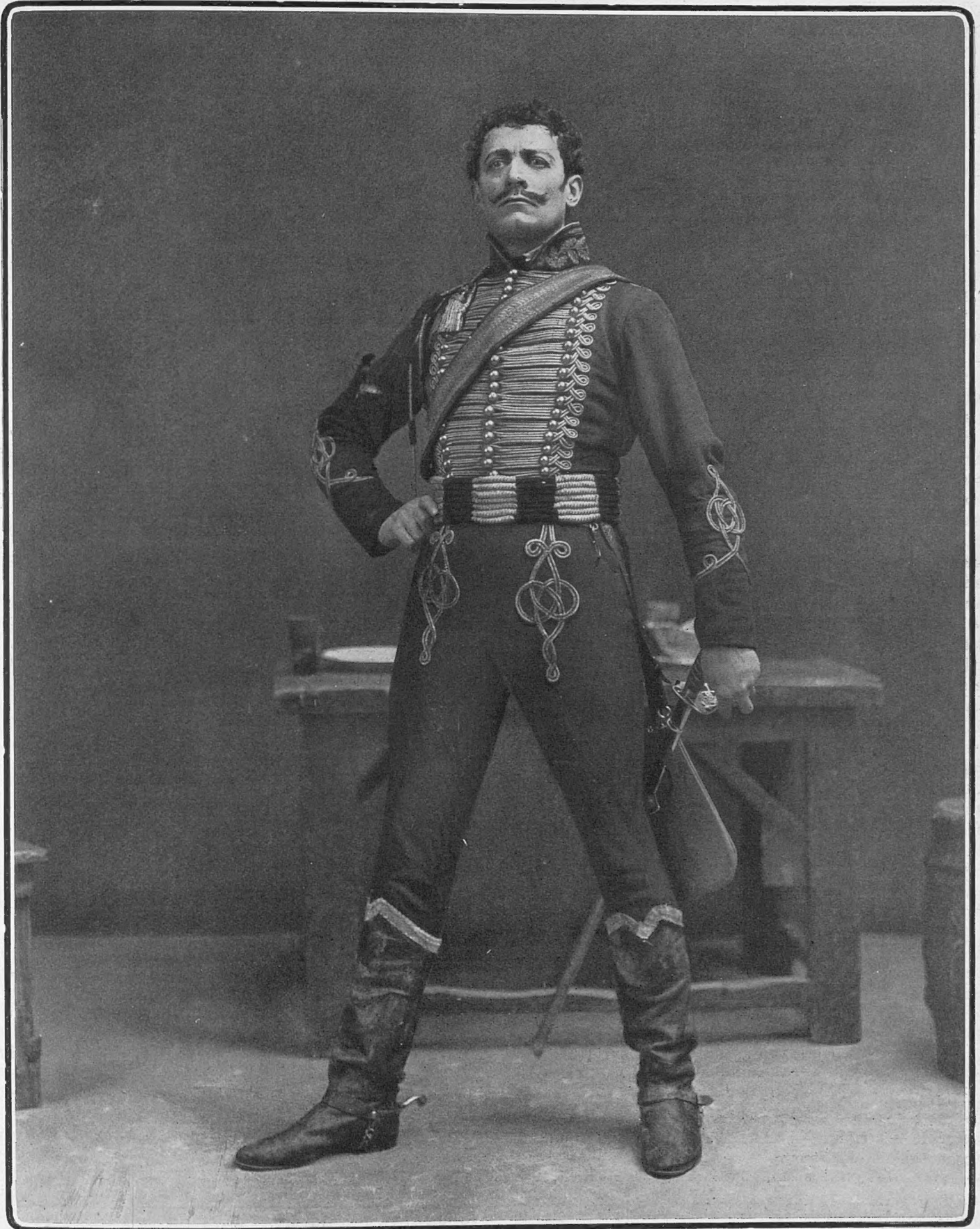
ing blow at Isandlwana—which name the Zulus pronounced Sjandlwane—the fight at Kambula, the relief of Etchowe, when the final advance on Ulundi commenced, we heard of another white man whom Cetewayo had with him, and we pitied that white man, for the chances were very much against his ever leaving the royal kraal alive. The Zulu King used him as a secretary, and the occasional letters which were sent to the British camp expressing surprise at the invasion of the country were written by him. The scribe was, I think, a Boer farmer, but he risked much in the attempt to warn the English of the force gathered to oppose them, and when the Prince Imperial's sword was sent as a peace-offering, accompanying it on a scrap of paper was a scrawl in English, "If you come, come strong." What eventually happened to Cetewayo's second white man I do not know.



THE SHOP-LIFTING CASE: MLE. EUGÉNIE FOUGÈRE (MME. GIROD), THE WELL-KNOWN MUSIC-HALL ARTIST.

M. Albert Girod and his wife, known on the music-hall stage as Mlle. Eugénie Fougère, were charged with stealing various articles of clothing from West-End shops.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



"BRIGADIER GERARD'S" REMOVAL: MR. LEWIS WALLER AS CAPTAIN GERARD
IN SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S PLAY, NOW AT THE LYRIC.

Mr. Lewis Waller transferred "Brigadier Gerard" from the Imperial to the Lyric on Monday last.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

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 NERO. By Stephen Phillips.
 MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.

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(LAST WEEKS.)

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE Prince and Princess of Wales will receive a right royal welcome from the City of London. The Guildhall has witnessed many royal banquets, but few of so completely cordial a character as that held in honour of their Royal Highnesses' return from the Colonies. Doubtless there will be in attendance many City Fathers who can recall the similar entertainment given to Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, in 1876; but

of those then present who had accompanied the Heir-Apparent on his memorable journey how few now remain, though Sir William Russell and Lord Charles Beresford are as cheery as ever.

Exhibiting Princess Ena's Trousseau.

All this week a most interesting display of Princess Ena's wonderful trousseau is going on at Kensington Palace. Her Royal Highness has made intimate friends among the maidens of Belgravia and Mayfair, and so "trousseau tea" is the order of the day. To-morrow (17th) will be the Press-view day, and on Friday an eager feminine world of daily paper readers will learn all there is to be learnt concerning the fascinating subject of a future Queen's wardrobe. Princess Ena is fair, and so she affects delicate blues and rose pinks, while white predominates, as is meet for so young a bride as is King Alfonso's Queen-elect. Princess Henry of Battenberg is said to have the finest collection of real lace extant, and many priceless pieces figure on her only daughter's trousseau gowns, while on the wedding dress itself will be a fine length of old Alençon, which was specially prized by Queen Victoria because it formed part of the trimming of the Duchess of Kent's marriage robe when she became for the second time a wife.

Mrs. Augustine Birrell at The Pightle.

The President of the Board of Education and Mrs. Birrell are among the most distinguished and interesting personalities connected with the new Government, and the latter will take her place this spring among the Cabinet hostesses. Née Miss Eleanor Locker, Mrs. Birrell, through her mother, Lady Charlotte Bruce, is a cousin of Lord Elgin, and she was a favourite niece of Queen Victoria's best-loved and trusted friend, the late Lady Augusta Stanley. As perhaps the cleverest and most original débutante of her day,

Miss Locker became the wife of Mr. Lionel Tennyson, the great poet's second son, and there are charming references to her and to her sons in the Poet Laureate's "Life." Left a widow while still in early youth, Mrs. Tennyson, in 1888, became the wife of the then rising barrister and budding politician, Mr. Augustine Birrell. Mr. and Mrs. Birrell have a delightful holiday home at Sheringham, known by the quaint old Norfolk name of The Pightle. There the hard-worked Cabinet Minister enjoys brief periods of leisure in the company of his wife and his clever elder son, who is now an Eton boy.

A Royal—and Another Lady Bolton.

There was little fear that in calling herself Lady Bolton while at St. Mark's the Queen would be confused with anyone else. Yet it was possible. There is another Lady Bolton, the wife of the fourth Baron. This Lady Bolton was Lady Algitha Frederica Mary Lumley, eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarbrough, and was married in 1868. She is very popular in the neighbourhood of her husband's seats—Hackwood Park, Basingstoke, and Bolton Hall, Yorkshire.



THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION: MRS. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Photograph by O. and K. Edis.

"Herr Municipal-expert administration directing over-lord."

This week a number of important German municipal dignitaries visit London, and perhaps Scotland too. It is not generally known that in the Fatherland municipal service is a regular profession, and that a man becomes a mayor or lord mayor, not because he has made money or position, or because he has got a good cook, or because it is simply his turn—as is the way with us—but because he is really qualified and has had a long experience of municipal administration. One wonders what our John of the Local Government Board would say to this? Perhaps we shall learn, for Mr. Burns is sure to be asked to the Lord Mayor's luncheon to the visitors on Friday. Of course, the Herr Municipalexpertadministration directing overlord, if we may venture to build up a little word, gets a fairly good salary.

Mr. Bonar Law's Fortune.

Although he was not in the Cabinet, Mr. Bonar Law has been preferred to ex-official superiors in getting the chance of a vacant seat. He was one of the cleverest of Mr. Balfour's colleagues and one of the ablest of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters. His rise in the House of Commons was unusually rapid. A few speeches proved his smartness in debate, and after he had been a couple of years in the House he was promoted to the Treasury Bench, and there he increased his reputation. Mr. Law is the son of a Presbyterian minister. He was born in Canada, but came early to Glasgow, and as a youth joined a firm of iron-merchants, of which his uncle was the head. Subsequently he accepted a partnership in another firm, but in 1900, at the age of forty-two, he retired from business in order to devote himself to politics.



MR. AND MRS. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S COUNTRY HOME: THE PIGHTLE, SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK.

Mr. and Mrs. Birrell's London home is 70, Elm Park Road, S.W.

Photograph by O. and K. Edis

Rodin is Not Mad. The strangest of strange stories were in circulation the other day touching the mental health of Rodin. People insisted that he was mad, and was breaking his own images. The Master had to write to the papers to say that he was not mad at all, but simply suffering from the *grippe*. A short time ago a real madman broke the plaster cast of the statue of "Le Penseur," now set up in imperishable bronze at the Panthéon. What a strange and dramatic situation to suppose Rodin the author of the attack on his own work! One might imagine that he regarded it as a sort of Frankenstein, and suddenly became jealous of his own creature. But, happily, the great sculptor is not mad, but working as steadily as ever to turn out masterpieces. Nor can we spare him at this time when the world, and especially Paris, is becoming choked with marble badly carved. One of the saddest thoughts is that it takes so long even to be a bad sculptor. These flaccid arms and nerveless legs, perfect as a piece of technique, and yet so wanting in the sacred fire, have taken their author fifteen years' practice with the chisel to produce. But real talent is never learnt in schools.

Chamberlain, 2s. 6d.; Rosebery, 5s. Lord Rosebery has come into his own again. In effigy of wax he recently fetched five shillings: not a great sum, in truth, but—and there's the rub—twice as much as a figure of Mr. Chamberlain and as one of Mr. Gladstone. Why is this? might make a fairly good breakfast-table problem. Can it be the interest felt in the ploughman of the lonely furrow by all sportsmen that makes his graven image so valuable, or is it that his features lend themselves to some ingenious alteration? Have we not heard of Nelson—or was it Wellington?—made to do duty as



A PEER WHO HAS WON A MEDAL FOR METAL-WORK: LORD KENYON.

Lord Kenyon, who recently won a silver medal for metal-work at an exhibition in connection with arts and crafts, is the fourth Baron and a Baronet. He was born in 1864, and succeeded to the title when he was five. He is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King.

Photograph by Russell.

Charles Peace? "Other statesmen," be it noted, "were unsaleable"—mercifully, names are not given. Henry VIII. and his wives were knocked down for eight shillings apiece; the late Prince Consort for, appropriately enough, half-a-sovereign. "Assorted criminals" were cheap. May we ask what "cheap" represents?

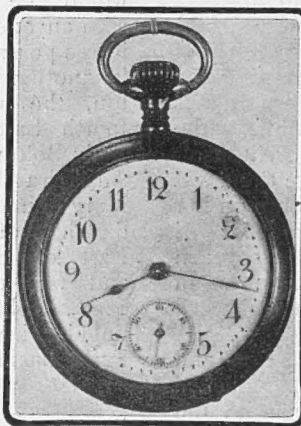
Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt's Success "Lulu" in the Style of Disraeli. Why did Mr. Harcourt remain silent so long when he possessed, as he has now shown, a gift of epigrammatic speech? Was he *blasé* before he entered the House of Commons? Had he been bored by its debates while attending it as private secretary to his father? Or did he desire to prove his patience, or renew the old leisurely practice? A Cabinet Minister has advised a new member not to speak for



MR. JAY GOULD JUNIOR, WHO CHALLENGED MR. EUSTACE MILES AT TENNIS.

Mr. Gould, who put up such an excellent fight against Mr. Eustace Miles, is the son of the well-known millionaire. He is little over seventeen.

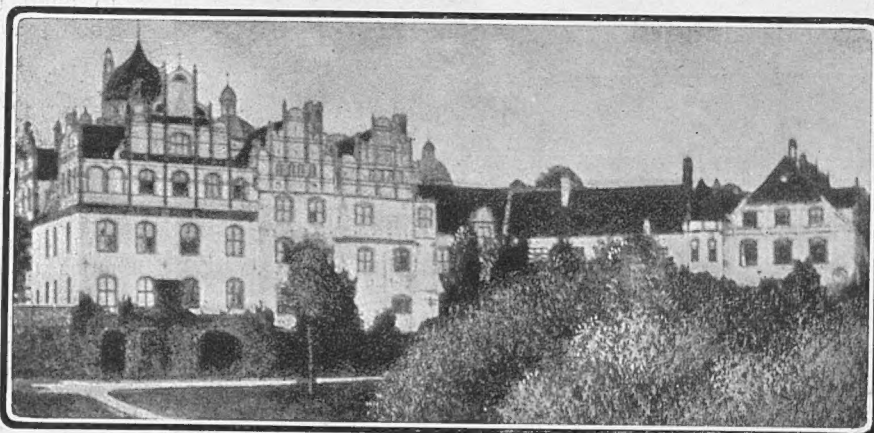
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



WATCHES AS WAR MEDALS: THE DECORATION FOR THE JAPANESE ARMY.

According to a Neuchâtel correspondent, the watch factories in that town are extraordinarily busy, owing to a huge order for "War Watches" which has been received from the Japanese Government. The watches are thin and of good finish, with oxidised metal cases, and are intended for presentation to the Mikado's soldiers and sailors, as mementoes of their successes in the recent war with Russia.

Photograph by Raab, Geneva.



A PRINCESS AS A KLEPTOMANIAC: CASTLE BASEDOW, NEAR MECKLENBURG, WHERE STOLEN HOTEL PLATE WAS FOUND.

Acting on information received, the police recently visited Castle Basedow, and found there a quantity of silver belonging to hotels. Warrants for the arrest of Prince Wrede and his wife were then issued. Subsequently it turned out that the Princess is a kleptomaniac. Both Prince and Princess are wealthy.

Photograph supplied by W. Eadon.

two years. Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, although tempted by opportunities in opposition, was silent for that period. Now that he has spoken in the style of Disraeli, much will be expected from him. He will have many opportunities in taking charge of the Plural Voting Bill.

A House of Too Many Clever Talkers.

The Speaker received the names of over a hundred members of the House of Commons who desired to take part in the debate on the second reading of the Education Bill. There were scores of disappointed men, some of these sitting on the Front Benches. The House suffers from its ability. There are in it too many clever men who are skilled in politics and experienced in debate. To enable an adequate proportion of them to be heard, there must be a limit to the duration of speeches. Sir Carne Rasch may live to see his panacea adopted.

Our £27,000 History of the South African War!

Nations that go to war will do well in the future to count the cost, not only of fighting, but the cost of recording that fighting. The latter item is evidently not to be inconsiderable. Witness Mr. Haldane's statement that the estimated cost of the official history of the South African War is at least £27,000—surely an enormous sum for work that it should be some officials' task to do. The amount expended up to the end of March of this year was £22,000; the first volume of the history is due at midsummer; the second and third volumes will be issued at the end of the year; and the last volume will be published next year.

Theatrical Profits.

In London it is impossible to guess how much money is gained every year by the theatres, but in Paris, where the managers have to pay a certain percentage to the poor, for some inscrutable reason, the profits of each theatre are well known. The most notable thing about the returns just published is that the music halls, as in London, are steadily gaining on the theatres. Last year the profits of the theatres, including the outlying houses, were just under £960,000, while those of the music-halls were no less than £700,000, a significant move towards the worse, some will say.

The Golden Rose for an Actress, or for Princess Ena? It is generally believed that the Pope is to give the Golden Rose to Princess Ena—indeed, by the time these lines are published his Holiness may have done so; but a statement in an American paper—and a most reputable paper—is worth noting. It runs: "Pope Pius the Tenth sent the 'golden rose' to Marie Cahill, the actress, last Sunday—Latere Sunday in the Roman Catholic calendar."



Prince Charles.

Prince Leopold.

THE CHILDREN OF PRINCE ALBERT OF BELGIUM: PRINCES CHARLES AND LEOPOLD.

Prince Albert, who is the third child and eldest son of the late Count of Flanders, brother of King Leopold II., was born on April 8, 1875, and married Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria on Oct. 2, 1900. Prince Leopold was born on Nov. 3, 1901; Prince Charles on Oct. 10, 1902.

Photograph supplied by G. C. Mendham.

Millet's "Man with the Hoe."

The reporters who announced that Millet's "L'Homme à la Houe" had been destroyed in the San Francisco disaster will regret to learn—for their veracity's sake—that the famous painting is safe; all lovers of art will rejoice exceedingly. The picture's history is of considerable interest. It was painted in 1860, and its appearance in the Salon of 1863 aroused some antagonism to the artist, who was dubbed "Socialist," and, so, dangerous, although he met the arguments of his detractors that his treatment of his subject created a misplaced pity for the hard lot of the peasantry by the statement: "A man leaning on his hoe, or on his spade, is more typical of work than a man in the act of digging or hoeing. He shows that he has worked, and is tired—that he is resting, and will work again"—we quote from "Millet," in Bell's "Miniature Series of Painters."

The controversy was not without its value. It made the artist notorious, as well as noted, and commission after commission resulted. The picture—which, by the way, is valued at £30,000, and is the property of Mr. Crocker—has not been in America for long. Two or three years ago only, it was one of the two important examples of Millet's work to be found in Belgium. The United States, however, know the artist's pictures well. A year or two back twenty-two of Millet's chief paintings had homes there. At the same time France housed an equal number; England, thirteen; Belgium, two; Denmark, one. The scale is probably now still more in Brother Jonathan's favour.

A Future King and His Brother.

Belgium is fortunate in her future Sovereign, his Consort, and their children. Prince Albert of Flanders is an ideal heir-presumptive to his shrewd uncle, King Leopold, and the two little Princes, Leopold and Albert, are regarded with warm affection by the people of Brussels. Prince Leopold's birth was hailed with especial satisfaction, as, owing to a series of calamities, the royal family had but one male heir, and the important baby's arrival was made the excuse for a loyal demonstration of a unique and touching kind. Princess Albert, who is the second daughter of the royal oculist, Duke Theodore of Bavaria, has a most womanly personality; she takes personal interest in all that concerns the children of the poor, and has established a Children's Country Holiday Fund for giving the little ones of Brussels happy days outside the city. The little Princes

have a delightful country home in the lovely Palace of Laeken, and they also spend a portion of each summer in one of the little watering-places for which the Belgian coast is famed. They are likely to be a good deal in England, for there is a close relationship between the Belgian and British royal families, and the Princes already speak English as much as they do French and Flemish.

San Francisco Disaster "Stamps."

In America there is great competition at the moment for letters sent from San Francisco during the earthquake. Of course, the thousands of people camping out in the parks could get neither paper nor stamps, but the postal authorities allowed them to write on such things as handkerchiefs, bits of leather, slabs of wood, rags, and the covers of sardine-boxes in order to relieve the anxiety of their relations. These objects were sent without any stamps and bear only the date-stamp of San Francisco, and it is this date-stamp which has become so valuable and for which high prices are now being paid.

Ironing Heads for White Hair.

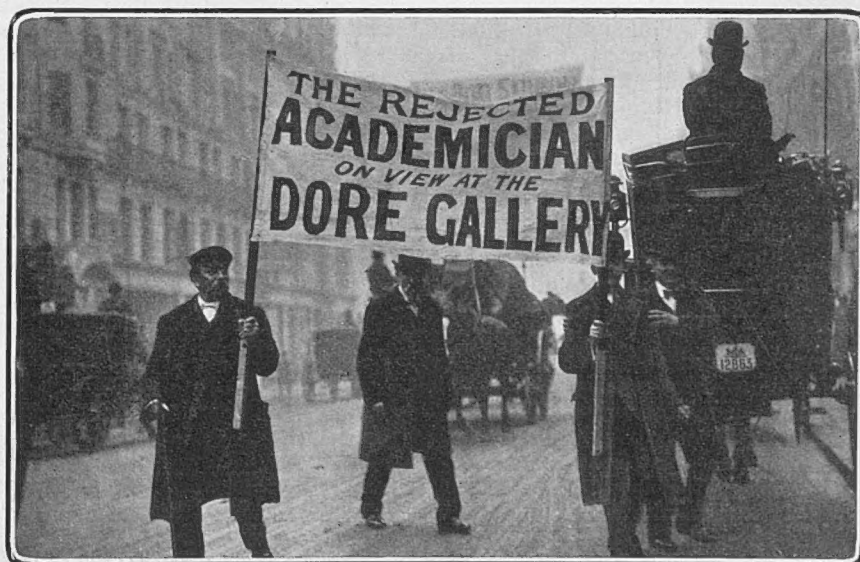
Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, has discovered the reason of white hairs. As we go down the vale of years our hair loses its colour because of a civil war going on between diverse elements in the hair itself. In the course of the struggle one part of the pigment is expelled

and disappears into thin air, and the other is sent downwards to the scalp. This can be proved by the microscopical examination of bleached hair: the lower part of each individual strand is full of colour. Obviously, the art of the hair-healer should be devoted to making the modest colouring matter creep up the stalk again. To do that you must destroy the element in the hair which acts so scurvily towards the pigment. The beast is known as chromophage. The chromophage being dead, the way is clear for the colour in the root to assert itself, and it shoots upward like the spring sap in the tree. To stimulate the root and drive out the pigment-destroyer, all you want is a temperature of 140 degrees Fahr. The best method is to apply a hot iron. Hence, in the future, the beau of sixty will not only have his hat ironed, but his head as well. The information is useful in these strenuous days.



SAVED FROM THE WRECK OF SAN FRANCISCO: MILLET'S "MAN WITH THE HOE."

Contrary to general report at the time of the disaster, Millet's famous picture, "The Man with the Hoe," which is the property of Mr. Crocker, was saved during the wrecking and burning of San Francisco. A servant dragged it out of the house in the nick of time. It is valued at £30,000.



AN R.A. REJECTION AS AN ADVERTISEMENT: THE BANNER PROCLAIMING THE WHEREABOUTS OF MR. H. KEYWORTH RAINES' PICTURE OF MR. FRITH, R.A.

Mr. Raines' portrait of Mr. Frith, one of the numerous pictures the artist has painted in the dark, was among the canvases rejected by the Royal Academy. On the opening day banners similar to the one illustrated were paraded up and down Piccadilly.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

CARUSO ON THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE SKETCH"
BY THE GREAT SINGER.



SIGNOR CARUSO AS DON JOSÉ IN "CARMEN," THE PART HE PLAYED ON THE EVE OF THE DISASTER.

Copyright Photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.

HOW I FARED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
ENRICO CARUSO.

YOU ask me to say what I saw and what I did during the terrible days which witnessed the destruction of San Francisco? Well, there have been many accounts of my so-called adventures published in the American papers, and most of them have not been quite correct. Some of the papers said that I was terribly frightened, that I went half crazy with fear, that I dragged my valise out of the hotel into the square and sat upon it and wept; but all this is untrue. I was frightened, as many others were, but I did not lose my head.

I was stopping at the St. Francis Hotel, where many of my fellow-artists were staying, and very comfortable I was. I had a room on the fifth floor, and on the Tuesday evening, the night before the great catastrophe, I went to bed feeling very contented. I had sung in "Carmen" that night, and the opera had gone with fine *éclat*. We were all pleased, and, as I said before, I went to bed that night feeling happy and contented.

But what an awakening! You must know that I am not a very heavy sleeper—I always wake early, and when I feel restless I get up and go for a walk. So on the Wednesday morning early I wake up about five o'clock, feeling my bed rocking as though I am in a ship on the ocean, and for the moment I think I am dreaming that I am crossing the water on my way to my beautiful country. And so I take no notice for the moment, and then, as the rocking continues, I get up and go to the window, raise the shade, and look out. And what I see makes me tremble with fear. I see the buildings toppling over, big pieces of masonry falling, and from the street below I hear the cries and screams of men and women and children.

I remain speechless, thinking I am in some dreadful nightmare, and for something like forty seconds I stand there while the buildings fall and my room still rocks like a boat on the sea. And during that forty seconds I think of forty thousand different things. All that I have ever done in my life passes before me, and I remember trivial things and important things. I think of my first appearance in grand opera, and I feel nervous as to my reception, and again I think I am going through last night's "Carmen."

And then I gather my faculties together and call for my valet. He comes rushing in quite cool, and, without any tremor in his voice, says: "It is nothing." But all the same he advises me to dress quickly and go in the open, lest the hotel fall and crush us to powder. By this time the plaster on the ceiling has fallen in a great shower, covering the bed and the carpet and the furniture, and I, too, begin to think it is time to "get busy." My valet gives me some clothes; I know not what the garments are, but I get into a pair of trousers and into a coat and draw some socks on and my shoes, and every now and again the room trembles, so that I jump and feel very

nervous. I do not deny that I feel nervous, for I still think the building will fall to the ground and crush us. And all the time we hear the sound of crashing masonry and the cries of frightened people.

Then we run down the stairs and into the street, and my valet, brave fellow that he is, goes back and bundles all my things into trunks and drags them down six flights of stairs and out into the open, one by one. While he is gone back for another and another, I watch those that have already arrived, and presently someone comes and tries to take my trunks, saying they are his. I say, "No, they are mine"; but he does not go away. Then a soldier comes up to me; I tell him that this man wants to take my trunks, and that I am Caruso, the artist who sang in "Carmen" the night before. He remembers me and makes the man who takes an interest in my baggage

"skiddoo," as Americans say.

Then I make my way to Union Square, where I see some of my friends, and one of them tells me that he has lost everything except his voice, but he is thankful that he has still got that. And they tell me to come to a house which is still standing; but I say houses are not safe, nothing is safe but the open square, and I prefer to remain in a place where there is no fear of being buried by falling buildings. So I lie down in the square for a little rest, while my valet goes and looks after the luggage, and soon I begin to see the flames and all the city seems to be on fire. All the day I wander about, and I tell my valet we must try and get away, but the soldiers will not let us pass. We can find no vehicle to

take our luggage, and this night we are forced to sleep on the hard ground in the open. My limbs ache yet from so rough a bed.

Then my valet succeeds in getting a man with a cart, who says that he will take us to the Oakland Ferry for a certain sum, and we agree to his terms. We pile the luggage in the cart and climb in after it, and the man whips up his horse and we start. We pass terrible scenes on the way: buildings in ruins, and everywhere there seems to be smoke and dust. The driver seems in no hurry, which makes me impatient at times, for I am longing to return to New York, where I know I shall find a ship to take me to my beautiful Italy and my wife and my little boys.

When we arrive at Oakland we find a train there which is just about to start, and the officials are very polite, take charge of my luggage, and tell me to get on board, which I am very glad to do. The trip to New York seems very long and tedious, and I sleep very little, for I can still feel the terrible rocking which made me sick. Even now I can only sleep an hour at a time, for the experience was a terrible one. That is all I can think of to tell you. [Translated by F. A. Jones.]



SIGNOR CARUSO'S SKETCH OF HIMSELF DRIVING TO OAKLAND FERRY AFTER THE DISASTER.



SIGNOR CARUSO'S SKETCH OF HIMSELF WATCHING THE BURNING OF SAN FRANCISCO.

"LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN":

"PRUNELLA," AT THE COURT.



1. MR. NORMAN PAGE AS THE BOY.

2. MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS PRUNELLA.

3. MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR AS SCARAMEL, AND
MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE AS PIERROT.

4. MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS PRUNELLA AND
MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE AS PIERROT.

Photographs by E. H. Mills.



By E. A. B.

Tapestries from the King of Spain's Palace at Madrid in Vienna.

If the Court of Vienna were to consult the young King of Spain as to the wedding gift that would best please him, it is not impossible that his Most Catholic Majesty would return a surprising answer. That which he would seek would be, not a present, but a restitution. In the royal palace at Madrid is, perhaps, the most wonderful collection of tapestries in the world. There are thousands of examples, varying, of course, in artistic value, but for the most part worth thousands of pounds each. One of the most precious collections represents the more notable incidents in the history of Alexander the Great. There were half-a-dozen of them. Now there are but four. By a chance the missing pair, after having been long regarded as destroyed, were discovered at Vienna. How they were transported thither is a mystery, for they are heavy and bulky. But at Vienna they hang, and the royal palace at Madrid is incomplete without them. It is for these that the young King might ask upon his wedding day.

The Weed and the Harvest.

After the reference by Mr. Churchill the other day to cotton-growing within the Empire, the deputation of British cotton-growers to the Prime Minister to-morrow possesses a special interest. Whether they will effect their purpose is another matter. Gladstone once said that nothing is idler than a deputation if you do not want it, nothing more useless if you do, and if you have worked yourself up to the point at which it can be serviceable. It must have been a gentleman in the former frame of mind to whom a deputation from Virginia went in the days of good Queen Anne. They flourished upon the growth of tobacco, but they had been thinking of another harvest. They desired that there should be sent out to them a regular hierarchy, for the safety of their immortal souls. "Oh, d— your souls!" replied the Minister. "Grow tobacco."

Water-marks to Prevent Fraud.

At the Society of Arts to-night Mr. Clayton Beadle is to tell a distinguished audience all there is to be known down to the present moment about the mystery of water-mark in paper. It is possible that the Portal family, who have so long printed the Bank of England notes, would be the happier if he said nothing about their secret which has successfully defied the forger. The water-mark possesses a value apart from its relation to bank-notes; it is an aid to the detection of fraud in literary concerns. Prosper Mérimée, who had a genius for innocent deception, once presented to Cuvier a very striking letter from Robespierre. The master hunter of autographs was beside himself with joy over the find, and there is no knowing to what extravagances he might not have gone had he not had the fortune to meet a man whose first act was to hold the letter up to the light. The investigator made his friend furiously angry by laughing hilariously over the letter. Cuvier was sportsman enough to join in the laugh

when the other showed him a water-mark in the paper dated later than the death of the man who was alleged to have penned the missive.

Saved by a Refusal of Monetary Help.

The sale of Buchan House brings to mind a story of the Earl of Buchan, brother of the famous Thomas Erskine, Lord Chancellor, and Henry Erskine, the orator and wit. "Yes," agreed the Earl; "my brothers Henry and Tom are certainly extraordinary men, but they owe everything to me." An unimaginative friend asked how this could be. "Well, it was in this way," was the answer. "When my father died, they both pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would be their ruin, for it would relax their industry. So, with a violent effort, I made a sacrifice of my strong inclination to gratify them, and it was fortunately for their good that I flatly refused to give them a farthing. They have both done marvellously

ever since, so that you see they both owe everything to me." By abstention from charity what noble benefactors we may be! It is a comforting philosophy, and economical.

Siege Fare.

At the Mafeking Dinner to-morrow evening those of the guests who were present in the beleaguered town will be prepared to admit that the cuisine at Prince's excels that to which for so many days they had to accustom themselves when even baked horse was a luxury. Paris, for all her array of inspired chefs, has known within the days of this generation that it is impossible to disguise the taste of camel and cow, donkey and rat. But, after all, Londonderry has as grim a record as any city in Europe or elsewhere. Her siege was endured when commissariat was not scientifically organised. A record of the terrible days has been preserved, and a tariff. Horse-flesh sold in the

market at 1s. 8d. per pound; a rat for 1s.; a mouse for 6d.; salted hides, 1s. per pound; horse-blood, 1s. per quart; and a "quarter of a dog, fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish," 5s. 6d. No wonder that the garrison died at the rate of forty a day.

The Devil as a Telegram Boy.

The grave news from the Sinaitic peninsula which the telegraphs must carry to Turkey will more than ever convince the elders there that the wires are the invention of the Evil One. Moreover, it may shatter faith in the belief in which the telegraph was admitted into Turkey. Liberal reformers proposed it as desirable; reactionaries condemned it as the invention of the devil. "Surely," said the objectors, "it must be admitted that the telegraph really was the invention of the devil." "Oh, yes," said the others, "it is undoubtedly an invention of the devil; but is it not obvious that if the devil is occupied going up and down the wires with each message sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals on the earth below?" This was unanswerable, and that, Sir William Whittall tells us, was the argument which carried the telegraph into Turkey.



"Shamrock III."

"Shamrock II."

"Shamrock I."

MODELS OF THE YACHTS THAT FAILED TO LIFT THE CUP: MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE THREE "SHAMROCKS," TO BE GIVEN TO THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON. The full-rigged models, which are exact reproductions in miniature of "Shamrock I," "Shamrock II," and "Shamrock III," are to be presented to the New York Yacht Club by Sir Thomas Lipton, and will be added to the club's famous collection of models of all the America Cup challengers and defenders.—[Photograph by the Press Studio.]

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



THE FIRST STATUE OF A CHINAMAN.

Our photograph shows the unveiling of the first statue of a Chinaman—a portrait in stone of Li Hung Chang which has been erected in Shanghai.



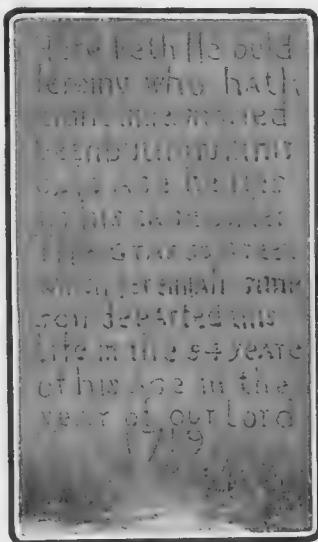
A DOG THAT REARED A LAMB.

The retriever here shown had her pups taken from her, and thereupon adopted the motherless lamb with which she is shown.



"SHE": A THEATRICAL MYSTERY.

The young actress whose portrait is given above is appearing in Germany under the name of "She," and the mystery surrounding her identity has added much to the interest taken in her performance.



A MUCH-MARRIED MAN: THE TOMBSTONE OF MR. JEREMIAH SIMPSON, WHO MARRIED EIGHT TIMES.

The tombstone is in the graveyard at Welton.



A BRITISH BEAUTY WHOSE PORTRAIT HAS TAKEN ST. PETERSBURG BY STORM.

Miss Duncan is now exceedingly popular at St. Petersburg and Moscow in picture-postcard form, and many thousands of her portraits have been sold. One dealer alone has disposed of 15,000 pictures of the lady this year.



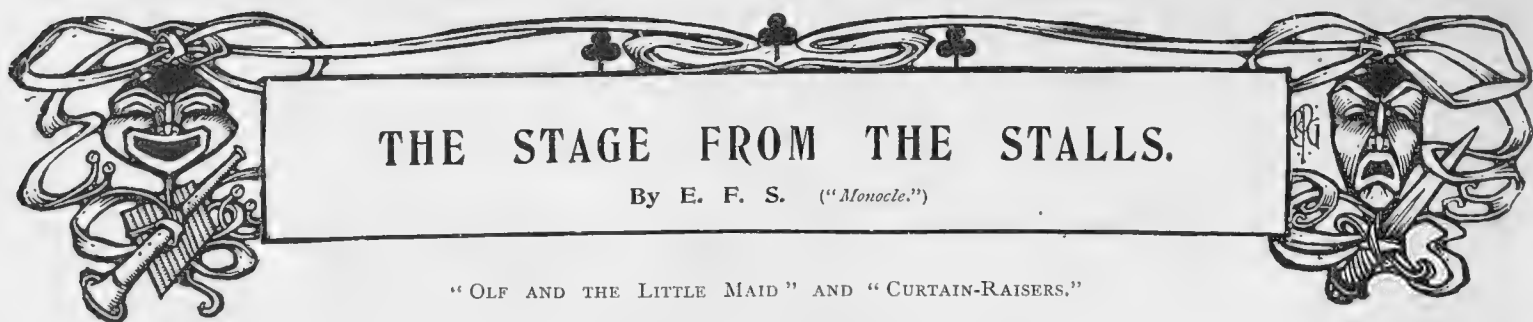
THE CARRIAGE OF AN INDIAN PRINCE'S GOD.

The ruler of Bikaner, one of the most devout native chiefs in India, never travels without a god, which is held in such reverence and honour that it is conveyed in a carriage of its own. Our photograph shows the stand upon which the god rests, but when it is travelling the image is screened from the general gaze.



"JOHN BULL JUNIOR" IN BUENOS AYRES.

In the early 'forties one of London's "broken men" fled to Buenos Ayres in order to escape arrest for share in a big fraud. He settled in the Argentine, and assumed the name of John Bull. He prospered but little, and eventually he became the owner of a milk-shop. He left his business to his son, known as John Bull junior.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"OLF AND THE LITTLE MAID" AND "CURTAIN-RAISERS."

THERE was quite a big house at the Haymarket on the fiftieth night of the revival of "The Man from Blankley's." Nothing strange in that, for Mr. Anstey's picture of the lower middle class is hugely amusing as well as almost cruelly frank, and a strong company presents it admirably; wherefore its course is a triumph. It was noticeable that a great many of the people arrived in the stalls early enough to see the new "curtain-raiser." Of course, "curtain-raiser" is a quite objectionable term, and, in fact, not a rap better than the French *lever de rideau* from which it comes. We have been no more successful than the French in finding a name for the thing, in discovering a single comprehensive phrase; "fore-play" or "front-piece" might serve, but have never been accepted. Returning to "Olf and the Little Maid," one may at least say that it is clever and entertaining, and the playgoer will be wise who goes in time to hear it. No doubt, the short love-story of the yokel and a little maid-of-all-work, of the swine-herd and the beggar-maid, is not quite of remarkable quality. It just lacks the note of truth. A mania for fishing has brought me closely enough in touch with the rustics of the sister county to Dorsetshire to feel unconvinced. It has a pretty story about the good-natured pig-feeder who, for a while, thought he had gained a thousand pounds in a lottery, and found that he had won a good wife, or, I should say, a loving wife instead; but there is a footlights flavour in the people of the piece, and a curious mixture, too, of the realistic and sentimental. As to the dialect I am dumb. My ear told me there were distinct differences in pronunciation among the players, and in one at least the stage-Cockney tone was audible. The importance of the matter is doubtful. Possibly the dramatist, M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell), wrote pure "Dorset"; there is no great merit if she has; she may be congratulated on having given a fresh, clever little work, that interested and amused the audience. The play was capitally rendered. Mr. Sydney Valentine represented the simple stage rustic perfectly, and his empty grin and slowly moving mind were nicely indicated. Miss Dorothy Minto seems filling a big place on the stage—not long ago fascinating as poor Hedwig in "The Wild Duck," then charming in "The School for Husbands," recently delightful as Prunella, and now excellent in a nicely restrained performance as the little maid, as the poor workhouse girl who had never received a present, and longed for a gold watch and a hat with flowers and a feather. Miss Mona Harrison acted brightly.

It may be said that the presence in the Haymarket programme of "Olf and the Little Maid" substantially strengthens the bill, and will help the management. This brings to mind the fact that during late years managers have shown a disinclination to put a comedietta into the programme, and I am disposed to think that this is one of the

reasons for the loss of money in the theatres. There has been a policy of giving short measure, which the paying public resents. Often a manager has offered a single work, beginning (nominally) at 8.30, actually nearer 8.40, and, with two or three intervals, lasting only till 11.10. This may be all right so far as people in stalls, dress-circle, and boxes are concerned: many of them prefer to avoid rushing through dinner, and wish to get away early for supper. The rest of the house, when it finds that a musical comedy offers from eight o'clock to 11.20, with only one interval, is mindful of the fact that it will get about three hours' solid entertainment at the one house, as compared with two hours at the other, for the same price; and it has no trouble about the question of dinner or supper. It also knows that the musical comedy costs far more to

produce and to run. Is it surprising that the humbler playgoer sometimes or often says, "I shan't go to the —; the piece seems right, but there's not enough for my money. Let's go to a musical comedy or a music-hall, and get a whole evening's show"? Before now I have seen a programme containing nothing but a comedy in four short acts, which, putting aside intervals, has represented an entertainment of little more than an hour and a half—one in particular I recollect which seemed like a concert (a poor concert), with scraplets of drama in between the pieces of music.

This aspect of the matter involves no direct grievance to the dramatic critic, who gets, at the least, quite as much theatre in the year as he desires.

It affects him indirectly, because the suppression of the comedietta robs the young dramatist of valuable experience, and plays by new authors—often to our sorrow—are injured by faults which, had the writer enjoyed the kind of apprenticeship of the older dramatists, would have been avoided.

The hardship to the profession is considerable, for comediettas in the past—and present also, but to a less extent—have not only given valuable opportunity to young members of getting practical experience, but also kept the wolves from many doors. What must those who are almost, sometimes, alas! quite, poverty-stricken feel, when instead of a comedietta a "variety turn" is given as a "curtain-raiser"! Except as critic I would decline to go to any theatre where such a disregard for the dramatists and players was being shown by the manager, who earns his living by their aid. It is pitiful to think that sometimes players are "resting"—sarcastic term for rushing about frantically in search of means of getting bread-and-butter—in consequence of a stupid policy of shirking the cost of a comedietta at the risk of keeping many playgoers from the legitimate theatres and drawing them to the musical comedies that threaten to become the national drama of a country that has proud theatrical traditions.



Giovanni (Albert Fischer).

A STEPHEN PHILLIPS PLAY ON THE GERMAN STAGE: "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA,"
AT THE OPENING OF THE DÜSSELDORF THEATRE.

Francesca was played by Fräulein Eva Martersteig; Paolo, by Herr Otto Stoeckel.

Photograph by H. Jaeger.

BABY AS AN UNDESIRABLE.



SMALL BOY: I want to see Dr. Jones, please.

MAID: He's not in now.

SMALL BOY: Well, directly he gets back, will you tell him to come to our house—sharp—
and take away that baby he left last week. It's in the way!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

MR. VANDERVELDT IS FASCINATING—

FOUR PHASES OF HIS ART.



MR. BOURCHIER AS MR. VANDERVELDT AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CLARICE HOWLAND
IN "THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT," AT THE GARRICK.

Photographs by the Play Pictorial.

THE NEW SUTRO PLAY AT THE GARRICK:

"THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT."



Mr. Mellon (Mr. Charles Goodhart).

Lady Clarice (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

Mrs. Mellon (Miss Kate Phillips).

Mr. Vanderveldt (Mr. Bouchier).

MR. VANDERVELDT, DESIROUS OF COMPROMISING LADY CLARICE AND SO FORCING HER TO MARRY HIM, ARRANGES AN APPARENTLY UNFORESEEN MOTOR BREAKDOWN MILES FROM ANYWHERE, AND FINDS THAT COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE INN AT INGLEBY AND HENDINGBY CASTLE IS IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL THE MORNING—A FACT OF WHICH HE IS ALREADY WELL AWARE.

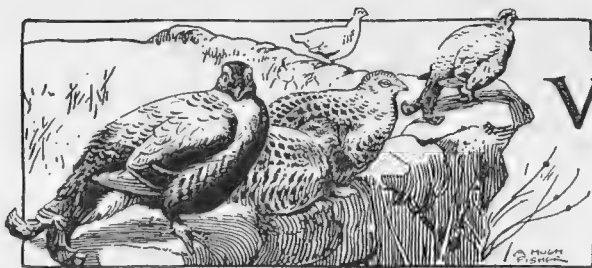


Lady Clarice (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

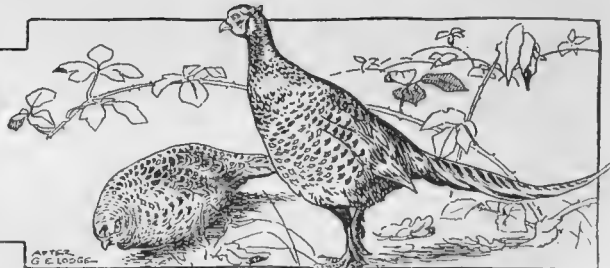
Colonel Rayner (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith).

COLONEL RAYNER MAKES IT HIS BUSINESS TO WARN HIS FRIEND LADY CLARICE AGAINST THE WILES OF THE FASCINATING MR. VANDERVELDT, A GENTLEMAN WITH A REPUTATION THAT IS FAR FROM SPOTLESS, ENTERING INTO HIS TASK WITH THE GREATER SINCERITY IN THAT HE HIMSELF LOVES HER.

Photographs by the Play Pictorial.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Copyhold Cottages. I notice that Mr. John Burns spoke very sympathetically the other day upon the subject of housing the agricultural labourer, and that one big landowner has expressed the opinion that the erection of a good cottage entails an expenditure of about £400. With all respect to that landowner, I should be quite pleased to obtain the commission to erect a good number of cottages at that figure, and would undertake to give the tenant more than an average amount of comfort and yet make a very unfair profit on the transaction. But if Mr. John Burns is taking the question of country dwellings into serious consideration, I think he would do well to look into the existing laws that regulate copyhold tenure. These laws are a little by-product of the feudal system, and do more to distress honest men than any land regulations that exist to-day. When a man buys a copyhold cottage or farm—and in many parts of the country freehold is hard to find—his heirs must pay a fine to the lord of the manor when they succeed to the inheritance. Very often they are too poor to do so, and the house or property stands empty. The ex-tenant has no interest in repairing it, and the lords of the manor won't do so, because if they did the place up properly it might pay the tenant to return and yield his fine. For some years the farmhouse or cottage is exposed to the fury of the elements and to the attacks of small boys who delight in throwing stones. The place is "proclaimed" until the lords of the manor have fulfilled their obligation, and have the right to enter into possession once more. By this time the place is a wreck, worth nothing to anybody, and it is allowed to fall to ruin. If the absurd copyhold tenure could be abolished, one of the greatest dangers associated with the purchase of country property would disappear.

In Praise of Epping Forest.

From time to time I meet Londoners who profess a keen interest in country life and natural history, and complain that their engagements in town give them little or no time to seek the country. Curiously enough, three out of every four have never been to Epping Forest, and regard it as a place set apart for Cockneys to make merry in. As far as I can gather from what they say, they believe that if you travel down to Epping, or any station north of Woodford, your carriage will be invaded by a score of men, women, and children who play concertinas, and that when you alight at your destination you will find the forest consists of a few trees, a great many swings and roundabouts, and a few level patches of green whereon the horny-handed sons of toil compete for the festive cocoanut. When I have endeavoured to point out that Bank Holiday occurs only four times in the year, and that only three of the four holidays happen in a season when the forest may be visited, the assurance has had little effect. The suggestion that the forest contains between five

and six thousand acres, and holds many exquisite corners to which few visitors come at any season of the year, is seldom taken seriously, and I know plenty of people who believe that the place is a forest only in name, and that you could walk round it in an hour.

How to Go There. At this season, when it is not always easy to leave London for long, Epping Forest properly understood can offer unending entertainment to all lovers of the country; while for those who do not care for the beaten tracks and do not know the others, the lower forest, which lies north of Epping itself and holds some of the finest hornbeams in the country, may be safely recommended. Even the great Sunday rush stops at Loughton. Bicycles, beer, concertinas, and hats with large feathers in them are met for the most part between Woodford Green and High Beach, and as Epping New Road runs right through the forest, it is easily possible to get beyond the reach of the noisy crowd at once, for a crowd instinctively keeps to the beaten track and fears departure from it. The quietness of the greater part of the forest is best understood when we consider the wild life that thrives there. It is probable that even the New Forest itself does not contain a more varied company of birds and beasts. Needless, perhaps, to add that they are not to be met along the roadway; but one does not need to make a very long sojourn in the forest without coming across birds that we should never expect to see well within fifteen miles of Liverpool Street.

Some Forest Wild Life.

There are badgers in Epping Forest, and their holt is in the neighbourhood of Loughton. Otters have been taken on the Roding River, the tiny little stream that is only about eight miles away from the centre of the City, and the most casual visitor has, of course, seen the roe deer that move happily about the woods as though they realise that they are protected. As far as birds are concerned, there seems to be no limit to the number or to the varieties. I have been told that there is a raven in the lower forest, though I cannot claim the pleasure of his acquaintance; but I have seen rare birds like the greater spotted woodpecker, the nuthatch, and the gold-crested wren time out of mind, and I have met the nightjar in the summer. On the Roding and some of the large forest ponds the kingfisher is comparatively common, and in the lower forest, when the hornbeam flowers, the rare hawfinch sometimes rewards the visitor. When one considers how far it is necessary to go to see these birds and beasts under ordinary circumstances the charm of Epping Forest need not be insisted upon. Men of the county make good use of it; the Essex Field Club has done good work there, and it is one of the happiest hunting-grounds of the entomologist. But hundreds of tired Londoners, whose enjoyment of natural life is very real and very deep, ignore the forest altogether. Why?



A CHAIR USED AS A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Before it occurred to anyone to build asylums for lunatics, unfortunate mad people were frequently confined in such chairs as the one illustrated. The patient was tied down to the seat by means of a strap passed round his body and through the holdfast fixed to the back of the chair. His legs and arms were also bound. The chair here shown is some two hundred years old, and is kept at Lancaster Castle.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.



THE PORTERS' REST, PICCADILLY—A RELIC OF OLD-TIME LONDON.

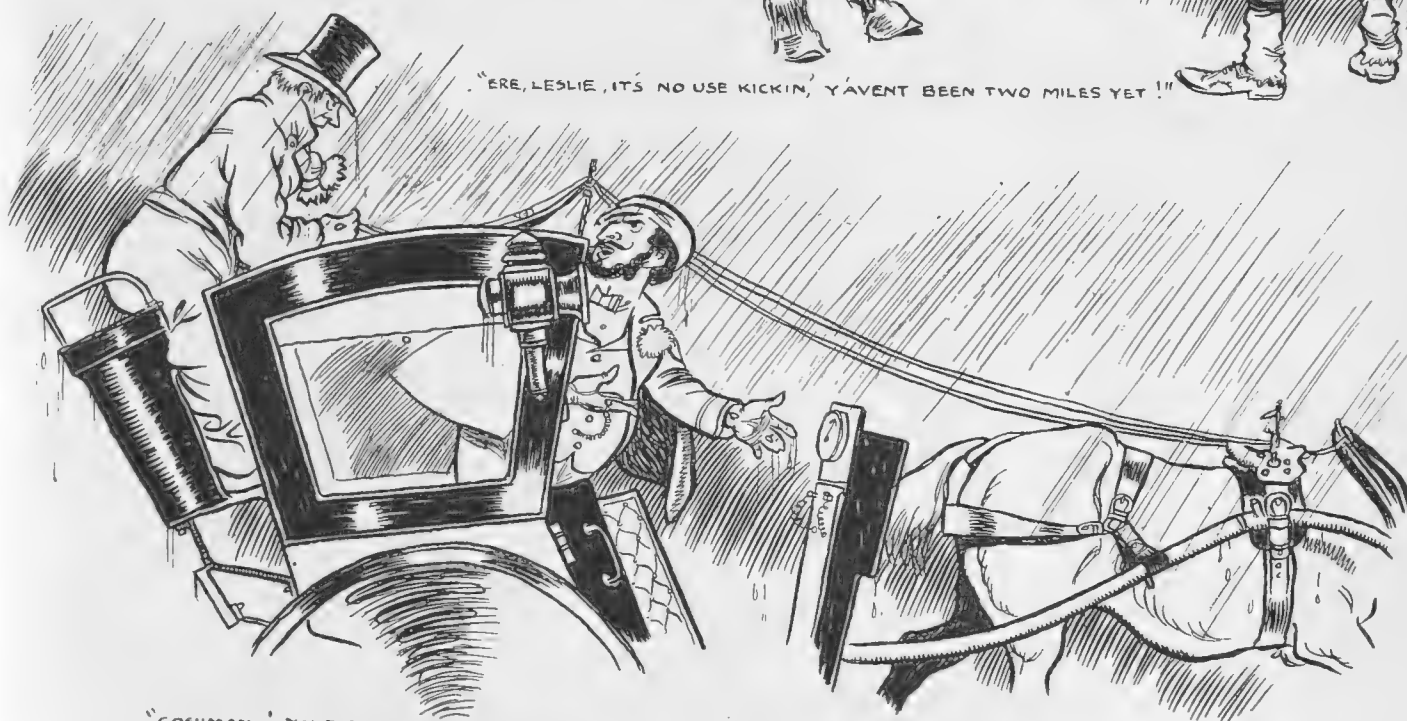
This porters' rest stands at the west end of Piccadilly, almost opposite the Lyceum Club. Its history is known to few, and yet it is written on it—"On the suggestion of R. A. Slaney, Esq., who for twenty-six years represented Shrewsbury in Parliament, this porters' rest was erected in 1861 by the Vestry of St. George, Hanover Square, for the benefit of porters and others carrying burdens, as a relic of a past period in London's history. It is hoped that the people will aid in its preservation."

Photograph by E. N. Sanders.

WHEN THE TAXIMETER COMES TO TOWN.



"ERE, LESLIE, IT'S NO USE KICKIN', Y'AVENT BEEN TWO MILES YET!"



"COSHMAN 'NOUR CLOCK VAS GOING TOO VAST IT VAS ONLY
"ARRAH ' PUTT YER HEAD IN OW O' THAT, OR YE'LL BE GETTIN' SUN BURRIT."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILL?"
"WHY, I MUST 'AVE TWISTED THE STRING ON THE BLOOMING THING. I'VE DRIVEN A GENT 'ARF ROUND LONDON, AND IT MAKES OUT I OWE 'IM THREE AN' SIX!"

RENÉ BULL SEES POSSIBILITIES—HORRIBLE AND HUMOROUS—IN THE PROPOSED ADOPTION OF THE TAXIMETER BY LONDON'S CABBIES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL contributes to the *Athenæum* an important and valuable article, entitled "Some Unpublished Letters of Charles Lamb." We are warned at the outset that the letters are copyright in England and in the United States—a significant indication of the growing popularity of Lamb. Mr. Dobell explains that he purchased several years ago the remaining manuscripts of Thomas Manning, the friend of Charles Lamb. The collection included, besides numerous letters from Charles and Robert Lloyd and others addressed to Manning, many written to Manning's father and other relatives, and a number of his epistles to Charles Lamb. If there is to be a choice among Lamb's letters, those he addressed to Thomas Manning are the best. But the new Lamb letters published here are not very important. The third, which is the best, has been cruelly mutilated by one of its former possessors. In the end of it Lamb writes—

You dropt a word, whether in jest or earnest, as if you would join me in some work such as a review or series of papers, essays, or anything. Were you serious? I want some occupation, and I more want money. Had you any scheme, or was it, as G. Dyer says, *en passant*? If I do not have a legacy left me shortly I must get into pay with some newspaper for small gains. Mutton is twelpence a pound.

Mr. Dobell, who is one of the most careful and thorough of living students of Lamb, will, I hope, give us from the materials in his possession a fuller account of Thomas Manning.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who commenced his distinguished career in the library of the British Museum, pays a tribute to Dr. Garnett's memory. He shows his usual acuteness in saying that Dr. Garnett was the most democratic of critics, gratified by excellence of every kind, and never overawed by the great authors to such an extent as to despise the little ones. Of Dr. Garnett's verses Mr. Gosse has no high opinion, though he thinks that he wrote several things which may be of permanent value.

He says that poetry was Dr. Garnett's best recreation, but he pursued it with no illusion that he was a poet of genius. "I did not enjoy his poetry very much, and on one occasion, through the inexcusable blunder of a third person, and to my deep chagrin, he was informed of this. The incident would not be worthy of a thought if it were not that I recall how it emphasised his unassailable courtesy and resolute good temper." Dr. Garnett's verse may not have been of the highest order, but it seemed to improve alike in strength and in a certain mellow sweetness as the poet grew old. As for his good temper, it held out, according to my observation, against everything except criticisms of the British Museum Catalogue. Dr. Garnett was up in arms when any flaw or shortcoming in his beloved work was suggested.

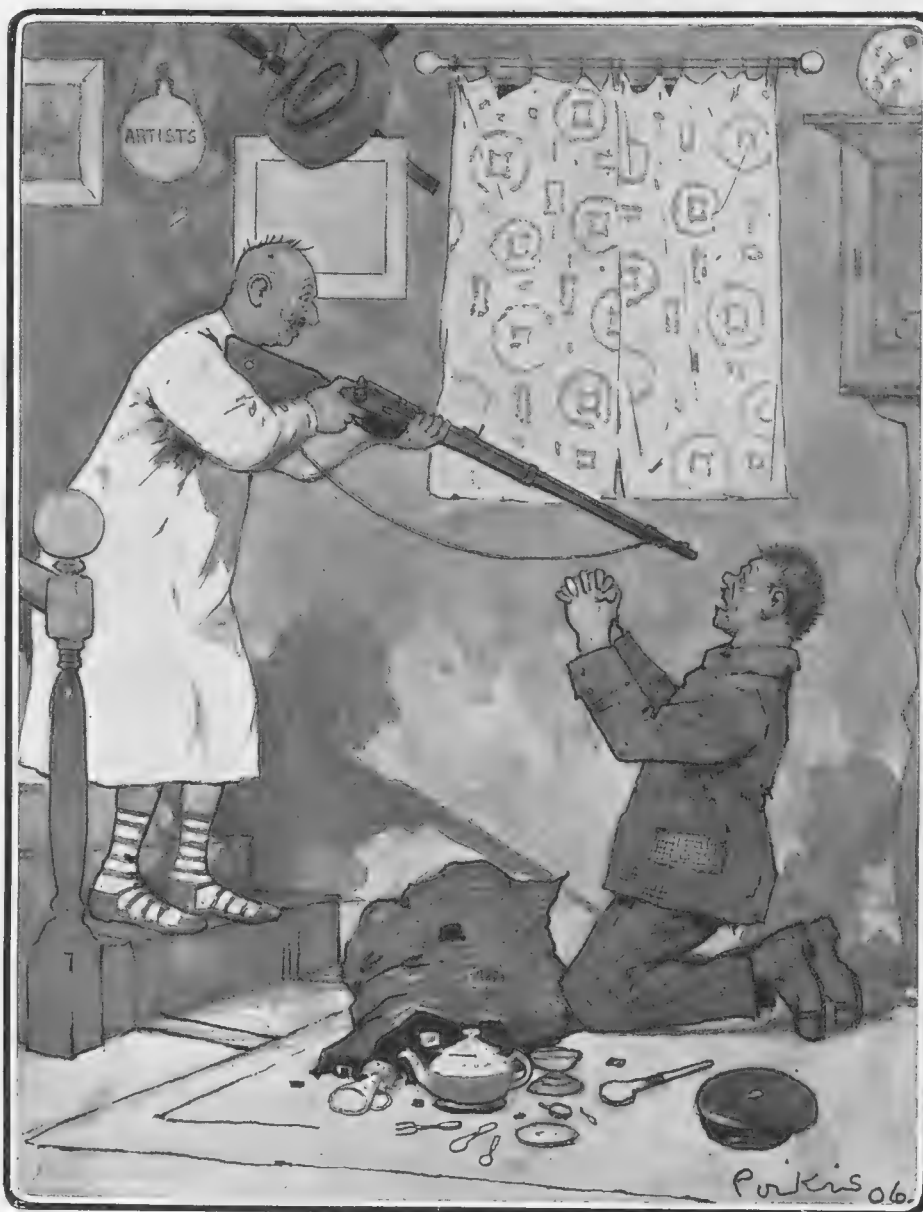
The business of authors' agent seems to be passing into a new phase. For one thing, new men have taken up the work, so that

there is competition. In particular, various Americans, utilising their knowledge of American requirements, have settled in London and endeavoured to establish an international connection. For a third, new authors are beginning to find out that the literary agent can very seldom help them. Editors are much more likely to read their manuscripts if they are sent straight. It is a sign of the times that the *Author* admits an article hostile to the literary agent. The writer complains that the agent charges ten per cent., and affirms that in all other lines business men are learning that it pays to dispense with middlemen. "The middleman is out of date; his appearance to-day is hailed as a recrudescence of

the dodo would be. But in the writing trade still he obtains, a curious survival of a darker age—a prehistoric (and devouring) monster." It is also affirmed that a majority of agents are publishers' representatives, the most lucrative part of whose business is to place the foreign rights of such manuscripts as the publisher has bought outright. He goes on: "It is only natural that such publishers should afford their agents special courtesies in the matter of rapid readings on submitted matter and early payments; and, as a *quid pro quo*, the agents are glad to see manuscripts entrusted to them at a lower rate than they could obtain in other quarters." I do not believe that this practice exists, and it certainly does not exist amongst respectable agents. It is incredible, also, that the agent should retain an unknown proportion of the publisher's cheque by keeping the author in the dark. This would be fraud of the worst sort, and I was going to say of the most impossible sort. Even when publishers deal with authors through agents, they have generally direct communication with authors. They forward either to the author or the agent half-yearly lists of sales. Unless the author is an amazingly foolish person he will see those lists. But I do not believe in authors being careless of

their interests or bad men of business. There will for a long time be room for really competent and able literary agents, but their occupation is bound to decrease, and their remuneration also. They may, however, find their prospects improved if foreign countries begin to take an interest in books by English authors.

Mr. Arthur Benson's biography of Walter Pater tells us that Pater had a sense of humour. He enjoyed Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, and he was convulsed with overwhelming laughter when he saw Mr. Pinero's "Magistrate." He was a good mimic, and was skilful in imitating Mark Pattison's speech and peevish intonation. This was best exemplified in the imaginary dialogue which Pater used to render, supposed to take place between Pattison and a burglar who had invaded his house. "I am a poor old man. Look at me. You can see that I am a very poor man. Go across to Fowler—he is rich, and all his plate is real. He is a very snug fellow, Fowler."—O. O.



SERGEANT BROWN ("holding up" a burglar until the police arrive): Ah, my man, you didn't know I'd been a Volunteer for fifteen years, did you?

SIKES: Oh, don't say that, guv'nor. It might go orf, be mistake!

DRAWN BY PIKIS.

LUCKY JIM COMES INTO A FORTUNE.



LITTLE GIRL (*overtaking tramp*): Please, have you dropped this little white silk purse with nearly five pounds in it?

LUCKY JIM: Well, Miss, it don't look like my purse, but I think, some'ow, it's my money that's in it.

(*And she said afterwards, "Wasn't it lucky to find the owner so quickly?"*)

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FIRST OFFENCE.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



"ANY letters for me, please?—Bartle-Westinghouse."

The girl on the other side of the counter favoured me with the peculiarly insolent stare so much in vogue among Post Office employées, and yawned. Then she drifted to the other end of the office, held a leisurely conversation with a young man, and finally returned, bearing one letter.

I left it on the counter while I searched for a sovereign.

"And a postal order for twenty shillings," I added.

She yawned again, turned her back, and bent her head over an open drawer in company with a second young man.

Suddenly I was aware that my neighbour at the counter was taking an interest in my proceedings. When I asked for my letters she had raised her head, and now I noticed, to my astonishment, that she was reading my name on the envelope. Not that this in itself was exactly matter for surprise. Many people take an unaccountable interest in the private affairs of strangers. But, somehow, in this girl it amazed me; she looked so undeniably a lady.

I watched her unobtrusively till, in due time, my postal order arrived. As I was about to pick it up, one of my gloves dropped. I stooped for it, and suddenly it occurred to me to wonder whether my strange neighbour was as much interested in my postal order as in my name. She was! To my utter astonishment she looked at it, at the crowded office where everyone was intent on his own concerns, at the door. Then she drew it off the counter, crumpled it together, and thrust it into the pocket of her coat.

I was disappointed. So she was merely one of the well-dressed thieves of whom one reads so much. For a moment I was inclined to denounce her there and then. I might possibly have done it, but she didn't give me time. Turning suddenly, she almost ran to the door.

"She must be new to it," I decided pityingly, and followed her. Pity is an admirable sentiment, but postal orders are not without their uses, and I saw no reason why she should have mine. So I followed her.

For a moment I thought she had given me the slip. She had put up a parasol, a thing of lace and chiffons, and the addition to her costume confused me. But I was after her the next instant, wondering what I should do. Should I go up and accost her, or wait till she stopped somewhere?

Ah, that was her idea, was it? An omnibus crossed the road a few yards in front, and she waved her parasol. But the driver shook his head: it was full. She walked on slowly, and I caught her up.

"Excuse me," I began, "but may I ask —"

I floundered and came to a full stop as she turned and looked at me.

"I'm afraid I haven't the pleasure —" she said, with a fairly successful imitation of haughty surprise, and turned her shoulder to me, walking on.

Her assurance exasperated me and gave me voice.

"I think you have," I returned.

"Have what?"

"The pleasure of having conveyed to your pocket a postal order belonging to me."

Her colour came and went. "You—you make extraordinary accusations," she said. "I can only suppose there has been some mistake. Good morning. My time is limited."

"Mine isn't," I answered severely. "And your way is mine."

"It certainly isn't," she returned with heat. "I am going by this omnibus."

"So am I."

She looked startled. "I could speak to that policeman about your—intrusion," she said threateningly.

"Of course," I replied amicably. "And I could speak to him about my postal order."

"He wouldn't believe you."

"He would when it was found in your pocket."

She gasped, and climbed the stairs of the omnibus. I followed.

"Now," I said persuasively as we started, and the rattle of the wheels prevented our conversation from being heard, "won't you be sensible, and give me back my postal order? I saw you take it, you know, so it's no good denying it. It's in your left-hand coat-pocket. I don't want to judge you; it may have been a momentary temptation; anyway, if you will give it me back quietly now I will leave you at once. I don't want to prosecute."

"Prosecute?" Her eyes grew big and frightened, and she looked at me in horror.

I shrugged my shoulders. Really, she was unreasonable. Was she relying on my being disarmed by her prettiness?

"I have told you I don't want to," I said; "but"—I spoke with firmness—"I insist upon having that postal order."

She looked round despairingly, apparently seeking a way of escape. Naturally she had to give up the idea. Her hand travelled slowly to her pocket.

"Of course I was—going to return the money to you," she said in a low voice.

I smiled; I really could not help it. "Thanks," I said ironically. "I should prefer it now. *Left-hand pocket.*"

She turned to me with dignity. "I was looking for my pocket-handkerchief," she said.

I was getting annoyed. "Very well," I said severely; "if that postal order hasn't been transferred from your pocket to mine before we get to—"

"Fares, please."

"St. Pancras," I said with meaning, and handed the man two-pence.

She sought mechanically for her purse—in the left-hand pocket.

"Oh," she said, with a startled gasp.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"My purse has gone," she cried.

I merely looked at her; I could not trust myself to speak.

"A penny for the lady," I said, and handed it to the man. He went on.

"I'm very sorry," she faltered.

I was silent.

She looked at me timidly. "It was good of you to pay for me," she added.

I hardened my heart against her wiles, and smiled disagreeably. "Pray don't thank me," I said. "If I hadn't paid you would have been turned out—and I want my postal order."

She made a gesture of hopelessness.

"Don't you understand?" she cried. "It's gone—gone—gone! So has my purse."

"Really?" I remarked; "how curious."

She flushed crimson. "You don't believe me. Oh! what can I do?"

"St. Pancras," I said, getting up; "please follow me."

I led the way to the general waiting-room. By good luck it was empty.

"Now," I said, "if you really want me to believe that that

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.
THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



IX.—CLUBBING WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.
DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

postal order has gone, I am afraid there is no other way but letting me search your pockets."

"Let you touch me?" She drew away. "Never!"

"I have no desire to touch you," I said coldly. "You can take your coat off and put it on the table."

With disdainful grace she began to unfasten the absurd little buttons. It was a charming pale-grey coat, and the lining was white silk.

"The table will be dirty," she said. "Do you want my coat to be ruined?"

I produced a pocket-handkerchief, and silently dusted the table. She looked at me, and her eyes gleamed insultingly.

"Are your hands clean?" she demanded.

I was stung past endurance. I, Gordon Barttle-Westinghouse, to be asked by a girl who stole postal orders whether my hands were clean!

"Clean from theft, at least," I retorted.

She drew a sharp breath. "You are the most insufferably hateful person I ever met," she said bitterly.

"You did steal my postal order," I repeated with dogged insistence.

"Oh, yes, I took it," she conceded impatiently. "But you have never even attempted to find out why."

This was a new idea, and rather startling. But I decided it was merely another ruse, and remained warily watchful. Still—if I should have been making a fool of myself somehow? I tried to dismiss the idea.

"You never attempted to tell me," I argued, and picked up the coat, carefully searching the minute pockets.

"Are you satisfied now?" she demanded haughtily, "that someone has stolen the purse and postal order?"

"I am satisfied that they are not in these pockets," I returned guardedly.

"Oh, pray find some more if you can." She turned round slowly in front of me, and I was compelled to confess that her skirt seemed innocent of pockets.

"Or they might be in my gloves." She drew them off, and threw them on to the table for my inspection. "Would you like me to take off my shoes?"

I disclaimed any such desire, and she put on her coat and gloves again.

For an instant there was silence. She appeared to be screwing up her courage to something. Then she spoke.

"Will you please take me," she said with determination, "to the nearest pawn-shop at once?"

I gasped. "The nearest what?"

"Pawn-shop—P-A-W-N, pawn; S-H-O-P, shop."

For all her defiance, I noticed that her lip trembled, and realised that she was badly scared at the thought of what she was going to do. I also realised that I had been badly sold. If she was going to get rid of some trinket or other in order to pay me back—oh, most decidedly I had been an ass and a brute into the bargain.

"I don't know of one," I said weakly.

She was unmoved. "Then we'll go and look for one," she said.

We left the station in silence, and presently found what she wanted. She looked at me a little uncertainly, and hesitated. I spoke with great determination.

"It's not possible," I said, "for you to go in here. If you insist upon—er—the transaction, I insist upon executing it for you."

I knew she was relieved, but she would not show it. "Very well," she said composedly. "Please take this bangle. But it was you who forced upon me the transaction."

"I shall only be a minute," I said, with my hand on the door.

"I am surprised," she retorted, "that you can trust me out of your sight as long as that."

Once inside, I slipped the bangle into a breast pocket, and inquired the way to an imaginary road. Information on the subject being—naturally—not forthcoming, I was reduced to stooping to tie a bootlace that had not come undone; after which I rejoined her, holding out two sovereigns. She looked at them without satisfaction.

"Why didn't you get smaller change?" she demanded. "Now you will have to come back to the station with me before I can pay you."

It was my turn to wince now. I had blundered unpardonably; had given no quarter, and was to receive none.

"Very well," I said meekly. "But"—as a sudden idea struck me—"surely you don't need change? One sovereign is the extent of your debt to me."

"And a penny," she flashed back. "You don't suppose I'm going to let you pay my omnibus fare?"

I bit my lip, and flung my newly acquired meekness to the winds.

"I had forgotten the penny," I said stiffly. "I mean the twopence-halfpenny."

She looked at me suspiciously. "Why twopence-halfpenny?" she demanded.

"The postal order cost three-halfpence."

"Oh! Thank you for reminding me."

We went to the booking-office for change, and then back to the waiting-room.

"There is the money," she said. "Good morning."

And though her voice was perfectly even, there was an expression in her eyes that troubled me, and a certain dispirited droop about her shoulders, as though she had fought long and hard for something and had been vanquished. The memory of how I had treated her overwhelmed me. I watched her helplessly as she walked to the door. As

she turned the handle a young man walked past at a brisk pace, and a low exclamation escaped her. The young man wheeled round.

"Hullo, Betty!" he said breezily, "you here? And—" he stared at me a moment in a puzzled way, and then held out his hand rather shyly—"how d'you do? I didn't know you knew my sister. You won't remember me, I expect. You were in the Sixth when I was Fellowes Minor, at the bottom of the Lower School."

I did remember him, but my tongue seemed frozen in my mouth. It seemed an eternity while I waited for her to annihilate me with a word.

She laughed suddenly, and I looked up. She was patting her left-hand pocket ruefully. I shuddered.

"Oh, Teddy," she said, a little unsteadily, "I don't know what I should have done but for Mr. Barttle-Westinghouse. What d'you think? I lost my purse, and he has had to pay even the penny for my 'bus-fare."

Again she laughed with soft roguishness, and I could have fallen on my knees to her. At the same time, I by no means lost consciousness of the fact that the explanation, though ingenious, had its weak points. How, for instance, if Teddy asked, was she going to explain? But Teddy didn't ask. His mind appeared full of something else, and he was staring first at his sister and then at me in a kind of awed way.

"Then"—he looked at her—"is he—really coming down with us, or what?"

She drew a sort of quivering breath, and I stared amazedly at them both. What was it all about?

"Teddy," she said, "will you please go and get me a ticket? Mine was lost with my purse."

He went, and she turned to me eagerly. I opened my lips to try to thank her for her generosity, but she stopped me with a gesture.

"Oh, please," she said, "there's so little time, and I must explain before Teddy gets back. I had made up my mind not to explain anything, but—but now you will wonder—" She gave me an anxious glance. "You really are the Parasite Hunter, aren't you?" she asked.

I remembered that that had been the title bestowed on me by a prominent daily not long before.

"Well, yes," I admitted; "I suppose so."

"Well, you see, father's a farmer, and this year an awful new insect has attacked the wheat, and the Board of Agriculture, or the Government, or whoever it is, doesn't seem to know a thing about it, and father's nearly frantic, and he does nothing but say you're the only man who could help, and because we can't afford to have your advice we shall be nearly ruined. And Teddy said he couldn't presume on having been at school with you to ask you for favours. Everybody spends their life in suggesting wild remedies, and we try them one after another, and the little brown, crawly things go on working havoc on the wheat and don't take any notice."

She paused to take breath, and looked at me pathetically. For the moment, I saw she had forgotten our peculiar relations, but when she went on I knew, by the coldness that crept into her voice, she had remembered.

"I had to come up for some shopping this morning," she explained, "and when I found I was standing next to you in the post office, it seemed like—like a miracle. There wasn't time to think, and I don't know what possessed me. But it suddenly flashed on me that if I stole your postal order, and you followed me, and I pretended it had been stolen again from me, you would have to come home with me to be paid back—I think I once read a story where it happened something like that—and then when I had got you there, I meant to confess, and I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't refuse. But it all went wrong, and somebody really took the postal order out of my pocket, and you thought I was a—common—thief—"

I did not dare to look at her, but I knew she had stopped because it was either that or breaking down.

"Miss Fellowes," I said, "you have every right to hate the sight of me, but there is just one thing—I did know, long before your brother came, that you were not a—thief."

She hesitated a moment. "It is nice of you—to say so," she began dubiously, "but—"

"It requires proof," I suggested. "Well, then—allow me."

I held her own bangle before her, and she let me clasp it on her wrist.

She looked at me with a new friendliness that gave me a curious and very pleasant sensation.

"Thank you," she said, in a low voice. "That makes up for—a great deal."

I saw Teddy's tall form in the distance, and hated him.

"But because there's more," I urged, "far more than that can make up for, may I come and see 'the little brown crawly things'?"

Her brother opened the door. "Teddy," she said, "I'm very sorry, but you'll have to go for another ticket. Mr. Barttle-Westinghouse is coming with us."

It took some hard work and a considerable time to save the remainder of Mr. Fellowes' wheat crop, but, thanks to some experiments I had recently made in California with this particular insect scourge, I was able to do it.

And when the other day I asked Betty whether the labourer was worthy of his hire, she only smiled, holding out to me a hand; and on her wrist hung a gold bangle with one ordinary sovereign suspended from it as charm.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



DISSOLUTION is rife just now, and Saturday evening will see the termination of no fewer than three plays which are holding the boards at the moment. They are "The Second in Command," at the Waldorf, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," at the Duke of York's, and "The Little Stranger," at the Criterion. The theatres, however, will not remain closed, though in each case the new programme will be of an entirely different character from the present one. On Monday Mr. Cyril Maude will produce "Shore Acres" at the Waldorf, with Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Frank Mills, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, Mr. W. Cheeseman, Mr. F. Percival Stephens, Miss Mary Rorke, and Miss Alice Crawford as his chief associates.

On the same evening Mrs. Patrick Campbell will present "The Whirlwind," Mr. H. Melville's adaptation of "La Rafale," at the Criterion. In this the leading members of the company will be Miss Mabel Beardsley, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. A. G. Paulton, Mr. George Bealby, and Mr. Frank Worthing, who has been playing in America for some time.

On Tuesday, the 22nd, "The Lion and the Mouse," a four-act play by Mr. Charles Klein, which has had a great success at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, will be seen at the Duke of York's. The story deals with the struggles between a lady novelist—the Mouse—and the Lion, a millionaire who has attacked the reputation of her father, a Judge. As the millionaire's son and the Mouse are in love with each other, the net—to keep up the idea of the original story—is strengthened, and it need hardly be said that it is the Mouse who succeeds in cutting through its meshes.

"The Macleans of Bairness" is the title of a new play by the Hon. Edith Lyttelton, which Mrs. Patrick Campbell has accepted for production during her forthcoming season at the Criterion, and author and "star" are busily engaged in considering the casting of the parts, a matter which in this case requires even more than the ordinary care. Mrs. Campbell will, of course, play the leading part in the piece, which, though not, strictly speaking, an historical play, introduces an historical character who lived during the eighteenth century.

To-morrow afternoon the first of four matinées of "Othello" which Mr. Lewis Waller has arranged will take place at the Lyric Theatre, with the cast which has been previously announced on this page. The other matinées will be given on Tuesday, 22nd; Thursday, 24th; and Tuesday, 29th.

An exceedingly interesting series of casts has been arranged for the triple bill which will be given by the Pioneers at the Royalty on Sunday evening. In Mr. Keble Howard's comedy the actors concerned in "Compromising Martha" are Miss Florence Haydon, Miss Mari-
anne Caldwell, Miss



"THE MYSTERY TURN" AT THE PALACE:
"THE WONDERFUL ELTINGE."

The turn known as "The Wonderful Eltinge" is "wropt in mystery," and it is said that many large American audiences have taxed their brains over it.

Photograph by White.

June van Buskirk, and Mr. Dennis Eadie. In "Out of Sight," by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce, three of the four parts will be played by Mr. Athol Stewart, Miss Mabel Beardsley, and Miss Dagmar Wiehe. In "The Daughters of Shem," by Mr. Samuel Gordon, the actors engaged are Mr. E. Harcourt Williams, Mr. Bertram Forsyth, Mr. Morris Harvey, Mr. Michael Sherbrook, Miss Alice Arden, and Miss Madge McIntosh.

The Imperial has not had long to wait for a tenant, for the success of "Boy O'Carroll," as Messrs. M. B. Dix and B. G. Sutherland now call their comedy, "The Rapparee Trooper," has justified Mr. Martin Harvey in bringing it to London to challenge the verdict of West

End audiences, whose imprimatur can stamp it as a very valuable property for use in the leading provincial towns. Mr. Martin Harvey's season will last for four weeks, and his company will include Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. Thalberg Corbett, in addition, it need hardly be said, to himself and Miss N. de Silva.

Although "The School for Husbands" did not enjoy a very long run at the Scala, the applause with which it was received was sufficient to warrant Miss Millward's belief that it would be received with favour in other quarters. On Monday evening last she began a tour at the Camden Theatre, and after visiting the Fulham and Coronet Theatres she will go to the Court Theatre, Liverpool, and the Theatre Royal, Manchester. In Liverpool, in particular, she is certain of an overwhelming reception, for she belongs to that city, where her father enjoyed a great measure of popularity and was one of the best-known journalists in the city. Many of the original members of Miss Millward's company will be with her, among them being Mr. T. Wigney Percival, Mr. Philip Cunningham, Mr. Scott Craven, Miss Maude Leslie, Miss Maud Abbott, and Miss Mona K. Oram.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) have gone for a holiday to Venice, where they will remain until the end of the month at least.

Their return, however, does not betoken an immediate appearance at the West End. As a matter of fact, except at one or two matinées for charity, they will not be seen at all. They will devote their time to the necessary preparations for an American tour in the autumn, when they will play "Mice and Men," "Hamlet," and probably another Shaksperian play.

"La Griffe," which Sir Charles Wyndham has arranged to produce in an English version, is a four-act play by M. Henri Bernstein, who is on his way to becoming an Anglo-Parisian dramatist. The leading part, which Sir Charles will, of course, play, is that of an editor of a paper who, starting as a Social Democrat, eventually develops into a Moderate of the Moderates so as to be elected to the Senate. He falls in love with the daughter of a journalist on his paper, and certain details of her career may have to be Bowdlerised to make them acceptable to the sons and daughters of Mrs Grundy, though whether the representation of such a life as Antoinette Doulers lived would trouble up-to-date audiences is, perhaps, a question that is difficult of solution. As it is through the scandal of her life that the catastrophe of the play is evolved, it is difficult to see how it can be changed. Meantime, everyone will be interested in seeing Sir Charles Wyndham in the part in which M. Guitry has made a remarkable success. The last scene in particular, when he rehearses the speech he is going to make in his own defence in the Chamber, and an infuriated mob gathers outside the house clamouring for his overthrow, and, when he presents himself at the window, pelts him with stones, so that he reappears with the blood streaming down his face, is full of tragic possibilities, especially as the curtain falls on the man with his mind unhinged, while the wife who has been the cause of his downfall has already deserted him, just as a rat deserts a sinking ship.



"THE CHORUS LADY" AS A MUSIC-HALL TURN: MISS ROSE STAHL IN CHARACTER.

Miss Stahl made her first appearance at the Palace Theatre on Monday last in the title-rôle of "The Chorus Lady," a sketch that has proved extremely successful in America. It will be noted that Miss Stahl, possibly without intent, has made up à la Sarah Bernhardt.

Photograph by Sarony.

KEY-NOTES

THE opera season began on Thursday week with a very fine performance of "Tristan und Isolde," the part of Tristan being taken by Mr. Anton Burger, and that of Isolde by Frau Wittich. Everything that should be done towards the pictorial presentment of the work was nobly accomplished; in fact, it is marvellous that one should be able to observe that within the mechanical limits to which Covent Garden must necessarily be condemned, the production may easily be said to rival the great performances at Bayreuth, and the even greater performances at Munich. For Bayreuth nowadays is somewhat outworn; but Munich, by its perpetual strife towards higher things, and by the exertions of a great municipality, can make it practically easy for Wagner's most difficult work to be set upon their stage. The scenery at Covent Garden was in every respect artistic and admirable.

Mr. Anton Burger took the part of Tristan not quite so well as, under the circumstances, one might have expected; nevertheless, when one considers that the rôle was forced upon him at the last moment, one can do nothing but give him great praise and remember how well he acted, how fine was his insight into Wagner's meaning, and how well in the last act he displayed the true spirit of the music-drama when Tristan waits for the ship which shall contain Isolde to come across the sea. Oddly enough, he reminded one rather delicately of those exquisite lines—

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Frau Wittich herself thoroughly understood the part, and although her style does not belong to the grand level, to that of, let us say, Ternina, she within certain limits made a considerable impression. It is a pity that one cannot say that her singing of the "Liebestod" was more than extremely attractive; this declamatory and wonderful work should be given at a white-hot level of passion. Any singer and actress who undertakes the work should remember that in this supreme utterance she is passing away from the visible things of this world. To indicate this idea is not enough; to sing charmingly is not enough; you must have the feeling of the spirit which is absolutely leaving the flesh in order to fly to the lover who is dead. Nevertheless, this singer's performance must be praised, though she certainly did not realise Wagner's ideal. Richter conducted splendidly. Herr Hupeden was good as Melot; Herr Knupfer struggled hard with the part of King Mark, which is a rôle that ranks among those characters which were once wittily described as "Wagner's bores"; and Herr Nietan sang quite well.

Immediately upon the production of "Tristan" came the series of Wagner's "Ring," opening, of course, with "Das Rheingold." There are many people who are so wrapped up in music which is performed in foreign countries; there are many people also who, by reason of the possibility of travel which very often has come from the hard labour of humble parents, give themselves the pleasure of imagining that out of England nothing good can

come. Nevertheless, the present writer has heard "Das Rheingold" in various German opera-houses; he has heard an abominable performance at Bayreuth, where the scenery would be the laughing-stock of any English audience accustomed to the productions of Mr. George Edwardes. Nevertheless, I may say that I have never witnessed a performance of "Das Rheingold,"

in which the meaning of Wagner's immense scheme as stated and set forth in the first portion of the great tetralogy was better understood. Herr Lieban's Mime was, as we have known it in past years, superlatively good. Madame Kirkby Lunn in the part of Erda, Madame Agnes Nicholls as Woglinde, and Frau Reinl as Fricka, with other exponents of minor parts, were altogether excellent. Herr Knupfer and Herr Raboth were exceedingly interesting in the parts of Fasolt and Fafner.

"Die Walküre" was given on the Saturday. One need not dwell very much upon the details of the performance, which, however, was an extremely good one. The mounting was again exceedingly fine, and indeed the interpretation throughout suggested that old idea of the Greek drama which obsessed the spirit of Wagner during the time when he was writing this particular work. Of course, at the latest period of his life his inspiration was chiefly taken from Christianity. One naturally refers to "Parsifal" and to the uncompleted opera entitled "Christus." "Siegfried," which was given on Monday, was also an excellent performance, Herr Konrad taking the title-part. He sang very finely, although at times, perhaps, he was rather inclined to exaggerate. That is precisely where the pity comes in of German tenors who happen to be somewhat excited when they face

an English audience. Nevertheless, there was much energy in his interpretation, and he deserves praise for the whole-hearted way in which he threw himself into the part. Special mention must be made of Madame Agnes Nicholls, who sang the part of the Waldvogel wonderfully well. Her vocal style is quite perfect, and the purity of her voice, especially in German opera, is a thing to remember.

COMMON CHORD.



MLLE. DONALDA (SOPRANO).

From a Photograph.

THREE WELL-KNOWN SINGERS AT COVENT GARDEN.

We present this week photographs of Mlle. Pauline Lightstone, known upon the opera stage as Mlle. Donalda, Frau Egli, and Fräulein Grimm. Miss Lightstone has just completed her twenty-second year, and studied in Paris under Duvernoy; Frau Egli has been heard in the past week in the "Ring," and has been highly praised both for her singing and her acting; while Fräulein Grimm created a very favourable impression at Covent Garden by undertaking the part of Fricka, in "Die Walküre," at a few hours' notice and without rehearsal, when the first Cycle was given a few days ago, and Frau Wittich was taken ill suddenly.



FRAU EGLI (SOPRANO).

Photograph by the Victoria Studio.



FRÄULEIN GRIMM (CONTRALTO).

Photograph by Möller.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE opening of the Earl's Court Exhibition always reminds one that summer has really begun. It is a sign even more reassuring than the first swallow, not to mention the cuckoo. The first day's function was especially interesting, when Austria clasped hands with Earl's Court, and visitors found all the local colour of that

enchanted part of Central Europe transported to town—a salt mine amongst the rest; and a real Tyrolean village, with its guest-house, chapel, lake, and quaint wooden houses, where merry peasants dance, sing, and jodel in native costume, spells the last word in artistic realism; while the handicrafts of Austria, from the delicious bread of Vienna, and its hardly less famous sausages, to the more delicate labours of lace-making and gem-setting, are also pursued and exploited *pro bono* an edified and interested public. My Lord Mayor, with his six "running footmen" in vivid yellow made an imposing entry, and some little quiet amusement was afforded a few folk on seeing some of the Austrian gentlemen, having shaken hands with Milord Mayor, proceed similarly to favour his six gorgeous flunkies, who, it must be added, submitted to their drolly mistaken identities with extreme solemnity

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A SIMPLE EMPIRE DESIGN.

and good breeding. Doubtless Jeames had been mistaken for officers of the civic household, who in Vienna would have had sixteen quarters behind them.

Reopening the perennial subject of fashion, one finds the little glorified bolero—which is also a modification of the old visite—very popular with the well-dressed woman just now. It makes a useful addition to the *demi-saison* wardrobe which so often halts between the ebb and flow of fashion, while giving just that little warmth which spring and early summer days require, before the final casting off of old, and the blossoming forth of new garments. It seemed to me that the last note of gorgeous elegance was spelt by a charming white cape made of ostrich-feathers and white lace which sat before me in a stall at the Criterion some evenings since, where we had gone to hear the uncanny precocities of that truly terrible "Little Stranger." It met our envious gaze during an entr'acte, and it was actually a shock to find next day that one could buy its prototype for seven and a half little guineas at Peter Robinson's. Seen at Monte Carlo one would have valued it at five hundred francs at least.

Never more than in hot weather does one long for the flow and freedom of the short walking-skirt. With carriages or motor-brougham the graceful sweep of train is part of one's equipment; but hot London pavements and its exhausting, airless streets, make June and July a nightmare in sunshine to the woman who has to grasp her smart skirts in one hand and drop cards on her smart acquaintances with the other. Therefore, to the utilitarian woman, the new Parisian idea of silken walking-skirts will be peculiarly acceptable. Just touching, but, nevertheless, "short," the umbrella skirt of June 1906 spells *chic* and comfort very acceptably to London women who must pay calls and must look smart, and yet cannot count a carriage amongst their daily equipment.

Blouses continue to expand in cost and intricate creation. The simple shirt, even for morning, has almost disappeared, and a fullness and plenitude of frills adorn the earliest shopping hours, since there is always the probability of meeting one's dearest friends (and critics) "at the stores."

The greatly increased daintiness of Metropolitan house-fronts for the past few years is noticeably due to the introduction of French forms of window-blind—"brise bise," "bonne femme," and the rest. We follow the structural plan of the charming Continental casement-window but slowly in this conservative isle; still, an occasional artistic peephole does enliven the dull London street, and both builder and householder, however British and behind the times, have at last begun to awake to the fact that Shakspeare's Elizabethan maxim which bids us remember that a pleasing appearance is the first letter of recommendation holds. London has, moreover, awakened to the fact that a "spring clean" may be applied with success to the outside as well as the inside of houses; and beside the ordinary common, or garden, artist of the paint-pot and ladder, we have all sorts of new mechanical contrivances sprung on our outside walls with the laudable intention of cleaning them forthwith.

With the increase of electricity, and a consequently cleaner atmosphere, London may in time arrive at a sweetness and light peculiarly its own, and undreamed-of by the recent generation, which painted its outside walls dark red and varnished its staircase marbled-paper, so that "the dirt would not show." The present-time idea is that of ruthless cleanliness; the previous one was a decent conservatism in concealing smuts. Under all circumstances, who would



[Copyright.]

A GOWN IN DARK-BLUE CLOTH WITH WHITE FACINGS.

be early Victorian—outdoor, with unclean and gloomy stucco; in, with shagreen and horsehair? The house beautiful was indeed long overdue before it appeared.

All artistic and fashionable London thronged to the Royal School of Art Needlework in Exhibition Road, this week, to-day (Wednesday) being the last of a three days' sale of *objets d'art* from all countries ancient and modern, while the exquisite handicraft of the workers

which this splendid institution supports was much appreciated by the many purchasers who thronged the rooms.

A dark-blue cloth has always inalienable points of its own, and one of our illustrations this week expresses a useful frock in glorified conditions. The other dress, of turquoise chiffon in correct Empire design, should suit a fair and slender blonde, but I would not recommend its outlines or colouring to the stout or swarthy or fallow. So much depends on suitability.

Talking of curves and sinuosities irresistibly sends one's thoughts towards that number in New Bond Street represented by the London Corset Company, whose "Zone of Venus" has been applied to Englishwomen's figures with such considerable success since the Company's advent. To the infinite varieties of silk brocade, satin, coutille, and other materials, the Company has added a notable novelty in the form of a corset made of a stoutly woven silken mesh, which is shaped to the figure, slightly though securely boned, and pronounced by experts the most comfortable corset ever worn. Some of the usual Viennese and Parisian model costumes are at the moment on view at prices that will please the economical, and a visit to the L.C.C., of Bond Street, cannot result otherwise than pleasantly and profitably to the woman of sense and sensibility.—SYBIL.

Though nominally a Sarrien Government, the ruling spirit in France is M. Georges Clemenceau, the most truculent political journalist that Paris has seen since the days when Henri Rochefort dipped his pen in gall to some purpose, instead of being, as now, the wearying echo of his former self. Clemenceau is the most talked-of man in France—a man of power, a second Waldeck-Rousseau. He lives at the Trocadéro, in a quarter of the town which is almost country. He is much attached to rural ways, and one of his hobbies is the feeding of his pigeons. As becomes a Socialist—though it by no means follows in France, where Socialism is the latest drawing-room fad—Clemenceau is thoroughly democratic in his tastes. He has created an absolute record in Republican simplicity by driving to the Ministry of the Interior (which is the post he holds) in a public omnibus, though the State puts a carriage at his disposal. He was nearly crushed to death the other morning by an automobile, just as he stepped from his humble conveyance. In the motor-car was a priest. Now, Clemenceau is an anti-Clerical of the anti-Clericals, so that the rumour grew of another plot of Church against State. *Drôle de pays!*

With the advent of what looks like a spell of warm, if not hot, weather, many will be interested in the latest form of felt hat, a specialty of Scotts', the well-known hatters, of 1, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly. The hat, which is made in pearl-grey,

A new and important step is being made in colour photography by the opening of the St. James's Studio, The Corner, 45, Old Bond Street, for regular photographic portraiture in natural colours. In the St. James's Studio the demand made upon the time of the sitter by the necessity for taking three negatives for colour photographs has been satisfied by the provision of the most rapid lenses it is possible to obtain, by the manufacture of coloured screens of new composition, and by the employment of new sensitive plates which before use are bathed in dyes and dried, their sensitiveness being many times increased thereby.

The Gordon Hotels, Limited, have struck out a new and excellent line in hotel literature. This takes the form of a thoroughly well-produced booklet, entitled "At Home and Abroad," admirably illustrated by photography, and giving in brief and popular form a history of London and other places where the company's hotels are situated. The book can be obtained gratis and post free from the Gordon Hotels, Limited, 450, West Strand.

Dollond's, the well-known optical experts, have had thrown on their hands, purely through a technical error—to be precise, a total excess of one-and-a-quarter ounces gross weight—a number of War Office field-glasses. There are no binoculars upon the market that so readily meet the many wants of the outdoor man, whether for sport, touring, or marine work. Listed at £4 4s., they will be cleared out at half that figure, and sent post free on approval, against cash or reference. The chief address of Dollond and Co. is 35, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

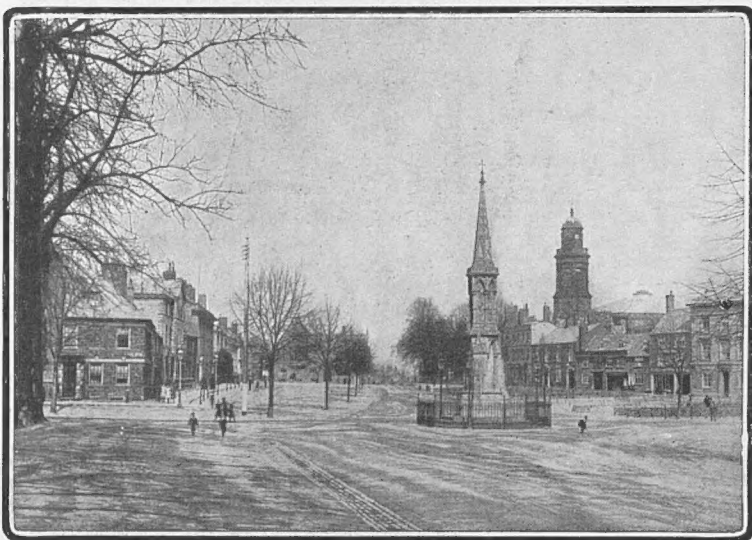
In refutation of the statement so frequently heard that manufacturing and commercial enterprise is in decadence in this country, it is pleasing to relate that the Portuguese Government, requiring steam motor wagons and ambulances for use in a punitive expedition in their possessions in West Africa, placed the order in this country, although it was competed for by many Continental firms. The celerity with which the work was carried out (in thirty-nine days) reflects much credit on the contractors and the all-British labour concerned. The ambulances are the largest ever made, and contain provision for carrying no fewer than twelve men each, there being eight stretcher-beds in each ambulance. Owing to the rough country to be traversed,

something out of the ordinary was necessary to obviate the attendant vibration; this was attained by the invention of a special automatic, weight-adjusting, spring-supporting gear for the stretchers, which has been patented by the inventors, Messrs. Carter, of London, who made the ambulances in question, under the name of the "Rastilon." These springs possess a resilience equal to an air-cushion, no matter how rough the roads, whether the invalid be eight or eighteen stone in



A CUP INTENDED TO ENCOURAGE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: THE TROPHY PRESENTED BY SIR ERNEST COCHRANE, Bt.

Last year "The Pilgrims" went to America with the idea of interesting the Americans in the British form of football. They played at, amongst other places, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis. They propose to go on another tour this year, and they will then play for the cup here illustrated. The trophy is the work of Elkington's.



THE SOUTH-WALES AND NORTH-ENGLAND EXPRESS, RUN BY THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: BANBURY CROSS, AN INTERESTING SIGHT ON THE ROUTE.

The Great Western Railway Company has just issued an illustrated pamphlet dealing with their through service, known as the South-Wales and North-England express, which, since the first of the month, has been running between Cardiff and Newcastle-on-Tyne, touching at Cheltenham, Banbury, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and York. The distance of 345 miles is covered in eight-and-a-half hours.

light-brown, and black, is very light, and has much the same appearance as a straw hat. It is claimed that it is not only exceedingly comfortable, but very smart, and it is specially recommended for country or seaside wear.



AN AUTOMOBILE WEDDING AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, HELENSBURGH, N.B.

The bridegroom was Mr. Charles F. Green, son of the late Mr. Philip Green, Judge of the Supreme Court of India; and the bride Miss Winifred M. Smith, daughter of Mr. W. Alexander Smith, of Taybank, chairman of Argyll Motors, Ltd. The bride, the bridegroom, and the majority of the guests drove to the church in motor cars, and the long line of Argyll landaulettes, Limousines, and open cars, reaching from the church door to the sea front, attracted much attention. The wedding presents numbered over 200.

weight. The bodies are mounted on 5-ton 45-horse power steam-lorries, and are made interchangeable with freight-carrying wagons for stores haulage, these lorries and wagons, with engines, having been made by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., of Chiswick.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

THE SETTLEMENT AND THE MONEY MARKET.

THE settlement was brought to a conclusion without any disaster, although it is known that one or two large outside accounts have been liquidated, and in one case at least the differences will be paid by instalments extending over a considerable time.

For the moment we have escaped a rise in the Bank Rate, but the monetary situation is not by any means comfortable. The drain of gold has been stopped, but with the reserve down to £20,880,000, or about £5,000,000 less than for the corresponding week of last year, it is clear that we shall not only have to prevent further withdrawals, but take some active steps to attract gold. It is needless to say that none of the new issues are receiving a large measure of support just now—for instance, the excellent bonds of the Mexican Consolidated Electric Company were only applied for to the extent of about £125,000. The earnings at present are far above the prospectus estimates, and if the bonds can be bought at a slight discount, they will repay those who purchase and lock up for a year or two.

TWO TRUST COMPANIES.

The last of the Trust Companies to whose stocks I drew your attention last year has now issued its report. This is the *Investment Trust Corporation*, the Deferred stock of which Company is now quoted at 164-169, many points higher than when I last mentioned it in August 1905. The figures of the report cannot fail to be satisfactory to the stockholders. There is a small decrease in the net revenue, but the capital value of the holdings of the Trust has increased considerably, and now exceeds the share and debenture capital and reserve account by more than £290,000. In other words, if we allow the par value for the Debenture and Preferred stocks, there is a balance of £1,040,000 to put against the £520,000 of Deferred stock, so that its value if the Company were liquidated to-morrow would be £200 per cent. In the circumstances, the directors have felt justified in raising the dividend to 8½ per cent. per annum, so that even at its present price the return is over 5 per cent.

At the annual meeting of the *Industrial and General Trust*, on Thursday, Mr. Alexander Young was able to congratulate the stockholders on the best report the directors had ever submitted. The increase in the ordinary income of the company was £5179, to which had to be added the interest on the reserve fund, amounting to £4942, making a total increase in the ordinary revenue of £10,121. Windfalls, in the shape of arrears of interest, amounted to about £11,000, and the profit on realisations to £42,235. Against this latter item £50,000 is being carried to reserve, raising the reserve fund to £200,000. The stockholders will be pleased to notice, however, that the sum invested in Trustee securities is not to be raised above the figure of £150,000 which had been reached last year. Valuable as a moderate sum invested in such securities might prove in certain contingencies, the whole theory of Trust Companies' finance, which limits the risk by spreading the investments over as wide a field as possible, renders the provision of a large reserve fund in Trustee securities unnecessary. The esteem in which the Ordinary stock is held is shown by the fact that, after deducting the dividend, it returns a bare 5 per cent. at the present price. The possibility of a further increase in the dividend depends mainly on the ability of the directors to issue the balance of the Preference and Debenture stocks at prices which will admit of the remunerative investment of the proceeds.

An interim dividend of 10s. per share has been declared on *Colorado Nitrate* shares, to which I have several times directed attention, and they have risen to over £12. This Company is likely to be a large dividend-payer in the next few years.—Q.

May 12, 1906.

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Scores of people prefer a commercial and industrial share to any other shape of investment, and although of recent years the basis of public buying has greatly broadened—so that bonds are nothing like as much suspected as they used to be—there remains a strong partiality for shares in trading concerns. Some of them, too, pay quite respectable rates on the money. Take Vickers, for example. The Company is doing excellently well, and increased its dividend, but the dullness of general markets has led to the price of the shares weakening to nearly 50s., at which the return is 6 per cent. Textile companies are also doing well, and while the yield on Fine Cotton Spinners and Doublers Ordinary Shares is somewhat small at present, it is pretty sure to grow appreciably. Optimism need not run rampant to find reasons for the purchase of the 5½ per cent. Preference of the Bovril Company, the price being about 23s., so that the shares pay 4½ per cent. on the money. Behind these there stand Bovril Ordinary and Deferred, both receiving dividends. Cargo Fleets and their kinsmen we have little respect for: the market is too much manipulated, and much the same remark would apply to Furness Withy shares. But Babcock and Wilcox at 4 yield 5 per cent. on the money, the Company being very prosperous. Lipton 5 per cent. Preference can be bought at their par price of a pound, and there is a company called the Workington Iron whose 6 per cent. Preference shares stand at 22s., and are quite well covered by a good dividend on the Ordinary shares.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Looking round the markets before I climb the stairs into this reading-room, what is there to be seen? The Kaffir Circus is the last impression left upon one's mind, and there the dealers stand idly, sometimes without doing a solitary bargain from one day's end to the other. A doctor was telling me last week that he had numbers of Stock Exchange patients in the South African Market whose nerves were completely unstrung and their whole health impaired by the mere fact of continual idleness, with its concomitant of worry. How much good, one asks at this somewhat belated hour, did the Kaffir booms of 1895 and 1902 do the Stock Exchange as a whole and the Kaffir Circus in particular? Of course they proved absolute snares to the public, who lost more money than can be calculated. Some comparatively few individuals, inside the House and out, accumulated handsome fortunes, and in consequence of the prosperity during the two years mentioned—it was the first half of 1902—any number of marriages were solemnised. How much good, one hears the cynic repeat, did these booms bring to the Stock Exchange?

Astonishing as it may appear, there remain men in the House, of wide experience and ripe judgment, who pin a good deal of faith to Kaffirs even yet. I have heard it maintained that directly the magnates fairly recognise the Government's earnestness over treating the Chinese liberally, they will drop all this folly of running labour and politics in the shafts of the same cart, and set to work at a practicable scheme for making the gold industry pay with the best materials they can obtain. There seems to be at least an element of sound sense in the argument, because even if the whole lot of Celestials were packed off home to-morrow, it is wildly improbable that the gold industry would come to an abrupt and a permanent conclusion. Some means would be found, some kind of labour resorted to, that could make the mines pay, and when the mining groups arrive at the conclusion that they had better do the best they can in the circumstances, then we shall see the Kaffir Circus better.

If you buy Kaffirs, select the good ones. Because a share happens to be low in price, it is not therefore necessarily cheap. Good shares or stocks, selected from what market you will, are always the best-paying propositions, in the long run. As with top-hats, the most expensive frequently prove the most economical in the final event.

Take the case of Metropolitan Railway stock. The line is doing but ill, and the grossly bad management which allowed the District to get so much ahead of the Metropolitan in the matter of electrification shows its inevitable result in the price of the stock. But whereas Districts are a mere gambling counter—about as likely to pay a dividend as I am—Metropolitan is a respectable security, which at something under 70 looks cheap enough to lock up. It may be months before any revival comes to the line's traffics, and the dividend will probably decline. These considerations, however, are both discounted in the current price of the stock, and even if it goes lower, the holder knows he has a reputable security in a Company progressive, if dilatory; and the assumption fairly is that in years to come the Metropolitan will return to a full measure of its former prosperity, motor-buses or no motor-buses.

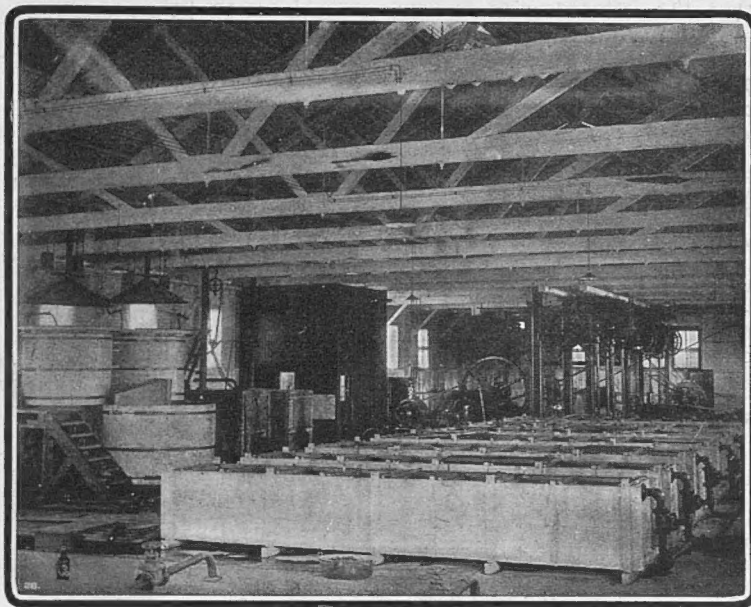
Of the other Home Railway stocks, Midland Deferred and North Western Consolidated are two of the cheapest. By the way, may I ask that any bucket-shop which is kind enough to quote this expression of opinion in its circulars will also add that it is coupled with strong advice that stock bought should be paid for in the proper way, and not made the subject of gambling on the heads-the-bucket-shop-wins-and-tails-you-lose principle, however deftly disguised under misleading titles that principle may be.

Insurance shares have made a rapid recovery, and though some of the pre-Frisco prices have not been attained, it must be remembered that those levels were extremely high, and in some cases unjustifiably so. Buyers had looked ahead two or three years, and had been investing upon the strength of estimated conditions likely to prevail in 1908 or 1909. The San Francisco fire wiped out these optimism, and reduced prices in the market to a more sober, matter-of-fact standard. Now there will be a steady hardening on account of the new business which must accrue to the British companies, all of which have stood the trial in a manner calculated to cause pride in the minds of their proprietors. I saw in the City pages of the *Tribune* the other day that a Swiss insurance company has provisionally cancelled the dividend recommendation of 300 francs per share for 1905, explaining the step by the earthquake, as the concern is heavily interested in San Francisco policies. Imagine the outcry there would be if a British company cancelled, if only provisionally, the declaration of a dividend of £12 per share! One rather sympathises with what looks like very hard luck on the part of the shareholders in the Swiss concern.

Money rates keep up at uncomfortably high charges, but good authorities in the Consol Market seem to think there are chances of cheaper money before the usual squeeze at the end of June comes in sight. A 3 per cent. Bank Rate—or still better, a 2 per cent. Rate—would do the Stock Exchange a world of good at the present time. People are using money in contangoes instead of investing it: they get good rates, with good security, and the times are unsettled enough to make capitalists prefer to wait the course of events in the near future before actually sinking money in particular stocks. So they lend the money at the carry-over, and thus their support is withdrawn from the investment departments. Only a sharp fall in the Bank Rate can readjust this balance between money-lending and money-investing.

Concerning money, a curious story comes to memory. It was told me by one of the sufferers, who used to be a small business man, supplying, many years ago, a well-known firm not a thousand miles from the City of London with chairs and light articles of furniture. Payment was due on Saturday. The man used to call for his money, along with other creditors, and they would be paid by open cheques, which, upon one excuse or another, they always received just too late for them to get cashed that day. Thereupon, the head of the firm would offer to discount the cheques for the payees—at 5 per cent. Cash being an important matter for the small men, who had to meet wages and so forth, this offer was frequently accepted, and the astute financier discounted his own cheques at a profit of a shilling in the pound! The incident is as strictly true as it sounds incredible. One need hardly add that the practice was given up long since.

Several men in the Yankee Market have lately assured me that prices are now at the stage when nothing higher can be anticipated, and that a long, long slump awaits them. I fail to see it. Bowing to the superior knowledge of those who make a daily study of the market, I am nevertheless convinced that, as a speculation, Yankees should not be sold. And Canadas will move on all-fours with Yankees. The recent dullness in the price should be shaken off before long, because the line is doing magnificently, and for at least some months to come the Dominion can be trusted to continue booming. Bays will soon come into vogue again, and 90 is not



JUMPERS DEEP EXTRACTION-HOUSE.

likely to stop them this time. They move even faster than do Premiers when a Kaffir magnate is being squeezed, to the intense gratification of all who claim fair play for the public in the conduct of a group of companies now being run for individual—not for shareholders'—benefit. There is a singular paradox in the idea of a Kaffir house being caught bears of Kaffirs, but is not life full of paradoxes? Of all sorts. "A Liberal?" cried the dear old lady, aghast. "A Liberal? Why, I always thought he was a Churchman!"

The venue has shifted from the Stock Exchange, and the hour wears on to nearly two. Beneath the crimson glow of the lamp, my "copy" lies untidily scattered. The flat is profoundly silent—so silent that one can hear the little chap in the adjoining room move in his cot, can hear him murmur in his sleep, "Daddee!" I think that by this time you will have had quite enough of THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

FOREIGN RAILWAY STOCKS.

Defaulting Rosario should, of course, have no effect upon the feeling of investors towards the railway stocks of the Argentine Republic, but the sentimental influence of the dishonest little city's action cannot fail to be the confirmation of a certain suspicion in the minds of those to whom South America spells risk and uncertainty. On balance, the stocks of the Argentine Republic have been affected less than one might have expected them to be, but our impression is still that, for a while, the champagne is out of the market and that quietude will be the order of the day in most of the quotations. Now, with regard to the stocks of the Mexican Railway Company, we have a much more favourable opinion. The published receipts point to a payment in full on the 8 per cent. First Preference stock, and sanguine people even talk of a small distribution on the Seconds. This is, of course, a gamble, but Mexican First as a speculation may be recommended to those who will take up their purchases and put them away. The quiescence of Mexican National Preferred shares need cause no uneasiness. The people at the back of affairs are biding their time before making any demonstration. In such weeks and months as these it is difficult to kindle public interest in investments, much less in speculations. Some of the latter are, of course, moving. The abrupt rise in Cuban Central and in Western Railway of Havana shows that the investor, speculative or otherwise, is still on the look out for hopeful stocks, and United Railways of Havana has recovered from its prolonged decline. It is surely time for the Paraguay Centrals to have another flutter after their pronounced flatness.

Saturday, May 12, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

E. M. T.—We do not think the warrants have gone out yet. They had not on the 9th inst.

P. D.—Your letter was answered on the 9th inst.

ALPHA.—The name and address of the broker's firm were sent to you on the 10th. We never give names of members of the Stock Exchange in this column.

DEUTSCHE BANK.—The objection to Bank shares is the liability on the shares. For instance, in the case you name there is a liability of £84 10s. on each share. This may be, and probably is, "nominal," but many people don't sleep soundly with even the possibility of such a responsibility. Why not buy good things with no further responsibility, such as City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds, or Imperial Continental Gas stock, or River Plate Gas shares, all of which will pay 5 per cent., or thereabouts, and can be turned into money at once?

J. P. Q. (Dublin).—"Q" is a correspondent of ours, but he will not answer questions in this column. We know he thinks well of the shares you name. (1 and 2) You could not do better than distribute the money as you suggest, and sell the Consols when you can get two or three points profit. (3) The Westralian Companies are good and may be held, but mines are never a certainty. (4) Yes.

F. T.—(1) The Bank is first-class. Subject to market fluctuations, depending on the supply of shares, we do not expect them to go lower at present. (2) The dividend is quite genuine and has been earned, but South African affairs are so bad that it is probable the Company will suffer with the general want of prosperity in the country. (3) We hesitate to recommend any African Bank shares just now. The price is about 72, not 76.

RUSTIC.—(1 and 4) Our opinion of "the enclosed methods" is that they are traps to catch the unwary. If you want some fun with your spare cash you had far better call the small boys of your village together and let them scramble for what you want to throw away. (2) Far better sell a "put" option in Steel Pref. for choice. (3) Don't deal with them. (5) Let the Stock Exchange, and especially touting brokers, alone.

A. M. W.—We think the Company is wound up, but cannot tell without a search at Somerset House. At any rate, it is not known on the Stock Exchange, and the shares are not saleable in London.

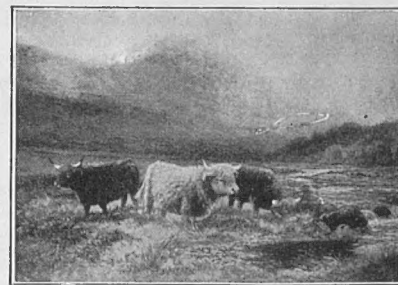
MAC.—We should advise getting out of the Company as soon as possible.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Few of the Newmarket Meetings cause much stir, but the Stakes, which forms the tit-bit of the week, is sure to draw a lot of people. I anticipate an easy victory for Lally. Other winners at the meeting may be: Maiden Two-Year-Old Race, Melodrama; Flying Handicap, Levanger; Chesterfield Plate, Confectionery; Wednesday Welter, Marozzo or Decanter; A Plate, Spate; Spring Stakes, Diary. On Thursday Wild Alarm may win the Long Course Plate; Thrush the Abingdon Plate; Gulden filly the Three-Year-Old Handicap; Buckminster or Sella the Payne Stakes; Performance the Bedford Stakes; and Tacitan the Breeders' Stakes. At Gatwick the Alexandra Handicap may fall to Airlie or Rocketter. (This race cut up badly, twenty-five paying forfeit out of thirty-six entries.) Fraxinus may win the Champney Plate, Fireman the Ashdown Handicap, Futurity or Prodigy the Worth Stakes, and St. Oliver or Prodigy the Mart Plate. On the second day of the meeting the Prince's Handicap cut up almost as badly as the Alexandra Handicap, twenty-three paying forfeit out of thirty-three entries. King Duncan should win the race. The Reigate Handicap should be won by Republican, the Marlborough Stakes by Marlow or Spate, the Rook Plate by Drusus or Auvergne.

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